JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1909

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MANPOWER—A WARNING By The EDITOR

DANGEROUS PRIVATE DETECTIVES

WHAT OF THE NEUTRALS NOW? by A.G.G.

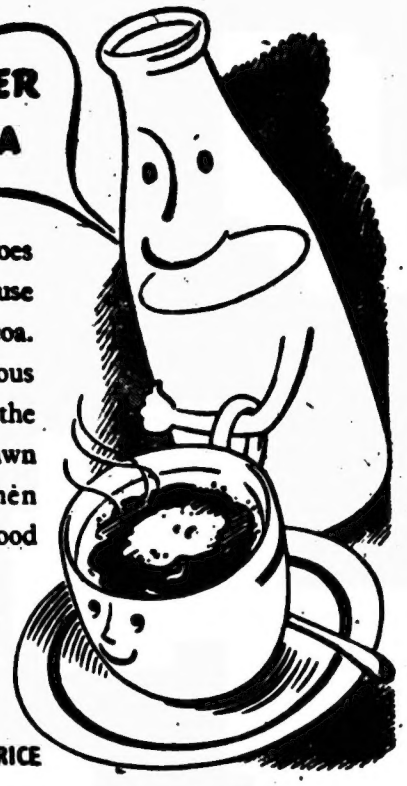
his Spitfire . . .

He had dreamed of it—
thought of it—
read of it—
neglected his lessons for it—
Watched it through the classroom window.
and now
He'd got it . . .
His own Spitfire!
He had worked hard—
even studied . . .
listened with his eyes popping, asked questions,
travelled to Canada—to America and back home
just to climb into that cockpit . . .
and now it was his.
He had charged through clouds with it—
in and out of the sun—
he had climbed and looped in it—
and done the victory roll . . .
more than once.
There were several Messerschmitts and
Focke Wulfs that would fight no more—
for he had under his hand—the toughest . . .
the truest . . .
the nimblest . . .
Terror of the air!
His SPITFIRE!

* * * *

Every enemy plane he kills is a stroke for our freedom. *We owe him a great deal—more than we shall ever repay.* Our savings—which we merely lend—what are they compared with what he gives? . . . Don't measure your savings by what you can spare—think instead of what you OWE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee



A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

When Eric puts his stripes up

Don't forget that Maldano cocktails are scarce now. If you find a bottle, hide it away where it won't tempt you! Then you'll be able to offer 'something extra good' to someone who well deserves it.

Maldano

COCKTAILS & EGG FLIP

FOOD FACTS M.F

S-T-R-E-T-C-H your MILK this way—

In the winter months, when fresh milk is scarce, take up your full share of Household Milk. It is such a help. You can use it with your fresh milk in tea or coffee or by itself in puddings or cakes. Remember, Household Milk has all the goodness of milk — except the fat. Household Milk helps to build sturdy bodies and makes teeth and bones sound. So don't forget to pop that blue and silver tin into your shopping bag when there's a new share-out. It's nine penn'orth of nourishment you can't afford to miss.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN

Of course, you've seen the words 'Unfit for Babies' on the tin. But this only means it is unsuitable for bottle-fed babies. Household Milk is good for children. It contains the calcium and protein so necessary for them. But take care they drink up all their fresh milk as well.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

YOUR SHARE OF HOUSEHOLD MILK

The second winter share-out of Household Milk began on December 13th. It goes on for eight weeks during which everyone can get one tin per ration book. You get your tin from *the shop at which you are registered for sugar*. Don't miss your share.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 131

HEADACHE GONE

KORAY KILLS PAIN QUICKER

One KORAY stops the most splitting headache.
Get a box of these amazing pink tablets today.

CARTONS 3½D, 7D, 1/5 & 2/10 INC. TAX

FALSE TEETH
Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly*. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Best Value for Money
Best Value for Coupons!

"Walters' Palm" Toffee

DELIGHTS-STRENGTHENS-SUSTAINS

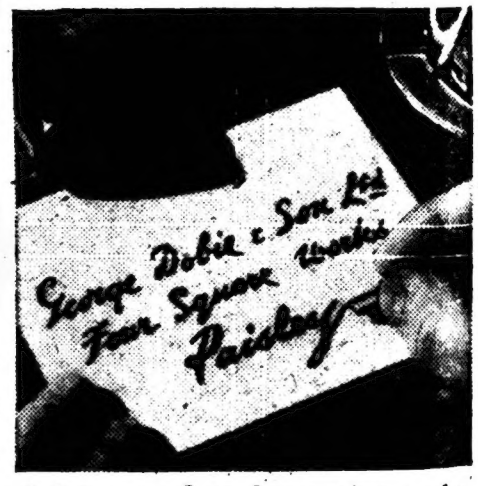
Healthy dogs make good companions

Blackouts and winter weather rob your dog of regular exercise, but he will still be a healthy and happy companion if you condition him with Bob Martin's. A daily Bob Martin's — in powder *or* tablet form—will give your dog sparkling winter fitness.

In packets of 9 for 7d., 21 for 1/1½.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders or Tablets

Write to us if you can't get your FOUR SQUARE



Many pipe smokers who are living away from home seem to be finding difficulty in getting their favourite FOUR SQUARE. If you are one of them please send us a line and we will do our best to put things right through a tobacconist near your present address. Incidentally, supplies can be sent DUTY FREE to H.M. Forces Overseas and British P.O.W. in Germany or Italy. Particulars from your Tobacconist or write direct to us.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING—EIGHT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH 2/2 to 2/6 per ounce

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 16, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

FAIR PLAY

● **There is hope of three belated and common-sense reforms.**

Every thinking person agrees that women should get the same compensation as men for war injuries.

Yet, as a Select Committee has just been told, a senior N.C.O. in the A.T.S. gets less compensation for complete disablement than a boy in the Navy or an Army private.

Mrs. Jean Knox, the A.T.S. chief, is strongly in favour of equal compensation. So is Mrs. Laughton Matthews, director of the W.R.N.S.

As for civilians, the T.U.C.'s Miss Loughlin believes that equal compensation wouldn't have the slightest effect on wage negotiations.

Such evidence is certain to weigh with the Select Committee.

Another committee is working quickly to find out whether sufficient doctors can be spared for the independent pension tribunals so long advocated by JOHN BULL.

The Ministry of Pensions says they can't be set up till after the war. But the very appointment of a committee is significant.

Finally, the new effort to open cinemas on Sundays will be the most determined ever made.

So the home news should be worth watching during the next few weeks.

Straight from the Shoulder

SURPRISE SPRING

DISASTER confronts the enemy in Russia.

Never again, we may presume, will he launch a great offensive in the East. But he may launch one elsewhere,

Daring enterprises will come with the Spring. Not all on our side, maybe..

Warning

Whatever season we choose, our invasion of the Continent will be the mightiest enterprise in military history. Goebbels promises that it will be countered by "a surprise Great Britain never dreamed of."

Goebbels often boasts. But not always without cause.

Stop-at-Nothing

Germany, he says simply, "will fight only of nothing."

We know that already. The bombed cities of Britain, the mutilated children of Russia, bear witness to the enemy's ruthlessness.

Persecution Threat

What, then, may we expect him to do? First, consider his strength. His army

Russia is so tired that General Goerer has threatened to persecute the families of men who surrender.

Soviet stamina, Soviet strategy, Soviet planning have forced it to costly retreat.

Not Yet

Retreat is not collapse, as we know from Dunkirk. And there are other armies available to Hitler. Armies that have been quietly preparing for action.

Equipment for them has been piled up. According to our Russian allies, 6,000,000 foreign workers are now toiling in Germany.

New Perils!

We know that Germany has huge stocks of poison gas. We know that, though she could not sustain an *invasion* of Britain because of R.A.F. superiority, she is still strong enough to attempt a very serious air-borne *diversion* against

And we must reckon that, as the noose is drawn tighter round her throat, her legions will fight as desperately as cornered rats.

U-Boat Menace

The U-boat campaign she is about to launch is expected to be the worst we have ever experienced. Even now we are suffering "heavy losses in ships and cargoes."

Even now, despite our own submarines, heavy armour is reaching the Germans in mud-bogged Tunisia.

The weather there will clear next month. The fight that will then ensue will be bitter; we must win it before we can open a Second Front in Europe.

On the Fence

What then? Will Spain be forced into the Axis in a last effort to shut the Mediterranean to us?

Spanish leaders praise the Axis; Spanish newspapers revile Britain. But Spain fears a British food blockade should she open her frontiers to German troops.

Ill-Armed

Italy is already feeling the pinch. Her food reserves are low. Her radio admits that "Italian soldiers must often fight without proper weapons because of the steel shortage."

But do not believe that Italy is cracking. She sees herself as a "Have-Not" nation fighting for very existence; she resents our ill-advised contempt for her troops.

In the Cold

Japan, like Italy, is short of coal. She needs to import seventy million tons a year for her war industry.

Supplies fall short of that figure by some 12 per cent., and her own output is falling. Moreover, she is short of ships.

Sun in Eclipse

A Tokio spokesman admits that "the future of the 'China incident' is not necessarily bright."

He points out that the United Nations will try to make China a base from which to attack Japan itself; the only way in which we can avoid the trouble of reconquering the Pacific island by island, mile by mile.

The Chinese agree. But they feel we are preparing too slowly.

Coming to London

A Chinese general is coming to London to voice their dissatisfaction. He should be given a promise of even greater help than that revealed by President Roosevelt in his superb speech to Congress.

Besides, Japan will not remain supine until we are ready to deal with her.

We should face the fact that the Americans will have the greatest difficulty in keeping their hold on the Solomons and New Guinea.

Blunt Facts

Nor dare we regard the U.S.A. as an inexhaustible arsenal for the United Nations.

It has reached "desperation point" regarding rubber, an official expert declares. Its scientists must try to produce synthetic rubber within the next seven months—a problem Germany has failed to solve in seven years.

Millions Go Short

We have no right, either, to expect the U.S.A. to make good our food requirements—even if we could spare the shipping.

Nine million American schoolchildren do not enjoy a diet adequate for health.

Pool and Plan

In short, we in Britain face a hopeful but grim year. Before it is far advanced we shall need to improve the United Nations' organisation.

China's General Hoyingchin believes that Allied military command will be unified before many months are out, so that we shall achieve the greatest military strength in all history.

But we shall also need a unified strategy to pool our resources and plan the future.

Another War!

See how the lack of planning threatens us with commercial anarchy after the war! Read how glibly the Republican leaders in Congress are talking of a "commercial air war" to follow the armed peace!

True, we need not take seriously *all* the speeches of this 78th Congress. Many are blasts of hot air directed against a great President whom Big Business fears and Diehards detest.

Only Way

But the unpleasant fact remains that some of the American civil air chiefs are, as we previously said, gangster-minded.

The way to meet their threats is not by counter-threats from Britain, but by international agreement.

Spare a Thought

Uncontrolled competition did not save the U.S.A. from the Great Slump. In their new-found prosperity, American business leaders have forgotten the dirge they once sang, "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

British business men—some of them—have forgotten Jarrow and South Wales. They, too, are preaching the need to "scramble for markets."

Back to Beyond

That means, as we know from experience, a scramble to get into the "dole" queue.

Insurance companies, moreover, would have us return to the tug-of-war system we inherited from last century. Hence their opposition to the Beveridge Plan.

End to Poverty

Certainly we shall not be able to afford the Beveridge Plan if we are faced with mass unemployment.

And mass unemployment there must always be unless the world's riches are so used that all the world's peoples can afford to buy the goods they need.

Agree to Prosper

No commercial tug-of-war between the nations can lead us to that goal. It will be reached only if every country agrees to plan the best use of money, materials and men.

That is why we should begin *now to* draw up the framework of the Plan.

What Sort of Peace!

Similarly, we must begin to plan the political peace, inseparable from an economic peace.

Three Labour M.P.s are dismayed because Labour leaders have given support to Lord Vansittart's "vindictive and reactionary policies towards the German working class."

Certainly the Labour Party appears confused and divided on the issue. Surely it is time that *all* the major political Parties made up their minds on how the enemy should be treated after the war?

Getting Together

And that question applies to all the United Nations.

In this all-important year they will have to do more than unify their military command.

THEY MUST PREPARE FOR VICTORY.

(Continued overleaf)

"WHEN HELP IS NEEDED MOST" . . .

The dark days that follow the loss of husband and breadwinner are thus poignantly described by Mrs. E. N. Dalton, of Kings Somborne, Hants, in acknowledging cheque paid to her under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

1939. 1940. 1941. 1942. 1943—and now we're almost ready for total war.

Almost. Not quite.

An extra two million people must be found for war industry or the Forces before our actions can fulfil our aims.

Guns or Gewgaws!

Even builders and engineers are, therefore, to be called up. So please let us have no more protests from non-essential industries whose workers will be required to make guns instead of gewgaws.

The real cause for protest is that they have been allowed to flourish so long.

Their New Job

Just now, for example, there's a plague of artificial flowers. You see them in cheap chain stores and expensive West End stores.

The women whose agile fingers fashioned them should in future be making cartridge cases.

Merry-go-Round

But the labour transfer scheme isn't always a model of good sense.

A woman working for a firm we'll call X was summoned to the Employment Exchange to take up a war job.

Arriving there, she was told: "Report to firm X. It's on essential work and it needs labour."

It's Simple

"But," she said, looking at the card, "you're sending me back to the very job I left this morning!"

"Oh, well," said the official, "go back as a substitute."

And back she went.

Still Waiting

Not only JOHN BULL says that there's a shortage of labour. The Ministry of Labour says so.

The Ministry should therefore tell us why it can't find jobs for hundreds of the "over-forty" officers axed from the Army months ago.

Control the Controls!

No less strange, it seems to us, is that business men not engaged in the arms industries are officially encouraged to make bigger profits than in peace time.

"With prices controlled at every stage of manufacture," they say, "we just can't help making money. It's dead easy."

But not so easy for the public that buys the goods!

Fixed Rates

The fact is that the profit officially allowed to manufacturers, sub-manufacturers, wholesalers, factors and so on is fixed at a rate which only *some* of them managed to get for *some* of their goods in peace time.

High Prices

Moreover, distribution of goods is still shockingly wasteful. So the price to the consumer is higher than it should be—as in the case of the new controlled prices for vegetables.

As Lord Woolton has said, retail and distributive trades are "one of the most expensive and luxurious factors in our nation."

"Healthy competition" advocates should note that these are precisely the trades where competition is most keen.

At a Premium

Competition for houses is so keen that £1,200, plus a premium of £200, is demanded for a three-bedroomed house in Scotland.

So keen that "key money" is also levied on rooms to let and the Rent Restriction Acts are being flouted.

While local authorities and the Ministry of Health slumber on!

Search for Rooms

Meanwhile, of course, overcrowding continues.

A soldier's house was knocked out in the London blitz. His wife and baby are now living with some relatives in Tottenham. The soldier, home on leave, has been trying to get better accommodation for them.

Not Good Enough

Applying to Tottenham's rehousing department, he was told he must produce a permit from Ilford, where he used to live. He obtained the permit.

After some argument, he alleges, he was promised consideration of his case. But now, he goes on, he has been informed that his case isn't good enough.

Inviting Trouble

So his wife and baby are still living with his parents. But they must soon leave, for the house has only two bedrooms. In the house, moreover, are two growing girls, one of whom should have a bedroom to herself.

For she is suffering from tuberculosis.

● There'll be less food available this year. Knowing we must choose between "food extras" and new offensives to smash the Axis, few of us will grumble.

But what about the children? More than ever will they need a good meal at school.

At present, only one in every six elementary schoolchildren can get it. Millions of them can buy no more than the minimum one-third of a pint of milk a day.

So plans should be made to extend the school-feeding service. And quickly.

Country Homes

Even worse is overcrowding in some rural districts. That is why we insist that the Government's "hope" of building new houses for farm workers in 1943 should be made a certainty.

It is no less urgent that plans should be drawn up in 1943 for rehousing the bombed cities. That at least can be done without starving the Armed Forces of man-power.

Model for Us

Rehousing, be it noted, need not yield fantastic profit to landlords and contractors.

In Canada you can rent a spacious, well-decorated, centrally heated, labour-saving house for £1 a week: the sort of house that only professional people can afford in Britain and often can't get!

Need for Emphasis

To get such homes in Britain, we shall have to replan the whole country. Not only housing, but towns and roads, transport and trade.

Remember that if you sometimes think we over-stress the importance of *national* planning!

Worth Attention

National in scope, a memorandum prepared by the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers is admirably forthright.

It advises a general plan for agriculture, housing, industry, national parks and so on. Local authorities would work to the standards laid down in this plan.

It wouldn't have us drive traffic off the roads in order to increase railway profits. Instead, it suggests new motorways to provide rapid and safe transport.

Country-Wide

Six such motorways are envisaged: Greater London to Newcastle, by-passing Leicester and Leeds. London to Glasgow, by-passing Birmingham and Carlisle. London to Swansea. London to Portsmouth and Southampton. Bristol to Doncaster. Manchester to Hull.

At Last!

Why discuss such projects during the war? Well, a new western road from London was considered urgent in 1913. It was finished last week—twenty-two years late!

There seems a useful lesson to Whitehall somewhere in that little news paragraph.

Baffling

A W.A.A.F. sergeant tried to buy a pair of Service shoes. The shop assistant said she could not be served, "owing to a Board of Trade Order."

The Board of Trade, of course, had issued any such Order. And the sergeant, going back to the shop, got her shoes and some unconvincing excuses.

Call Their Bluff

Other W.A.A.F.s, it is said, have had similar trouble when buying Service necessities. Heaven knows why—unless some shops prefer to sell to favoured civilian customers.

If so, their bluff can easily be called by threatening to report them to the Board of Trade.

No Dancing

Similarly, we are told that Midland arms workers who wanted to hold a dance in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners-of-War Fund have tried in vain to hire a dance-hall.

This, too, is beyond our comprehension, for the accounts were to have been checked by an independent authority. Is there any explanation?

Hunger's Temptation

It would also be interesting to know why an eleven-year-old Sheffield boy has been sent to a remand home *en route* for an approved school.

Driven from home by his mother's blows, he stole £8 when he became hungry.

We shouldn't have sent him to associate with other young offenders, but to a good home in charge of a foster-mother.

M.P.s, N.B.

We are, you note, in an inquisitive mood. And we hope an M.P. will be equally curious about a report from Devon.

Every few minutes, five-ton lorries take loads of stone from a quarry to an official job 26 miles away, thereby burning up petrol, tyres and time. Yet, close at hand to the job, is a disused quarry.

Forgotten Men

The Senior Service deals hardly with some sailors of long service.

They're the "regulars" who signed for twelve years or more, were probably chief petty officers at the outbreak of war, and now are training the youngsters. The Admiralty seems to have forgotten them.

No Commissions

They are barred from getting a commission because they are over twenty-four or married. Whereas war recruits are eligible whatever their age, whether they are married or single.

Instructors may receive an extra 6d. a day at certain shore establishments—and lose it if transferred, until they have served two months at the new station.

But they still have to train the future officers who, in a few weeks, receive twice as much pay as the men who taught them what they know!

Private Army!

Finally, we suggest to Lord Bridgeman—not for the first time—that some of the factory detachments of the Home Guard need a shake-up.

It is highly undesirable that a firm's directors should automatically become officers of the firm's Home Guard even though they may have no more military experience than a sixteen-year-old office boy.

After all, we don't want a lot of little private armies commanded by company directors.

Behind the News

- **Shortage of "trusted" field commanders forced Hitler to order encircled generals to escape by 'plane—much to the fury of Nazi troops at Stalingrad.**
- *Hostility of German workers grows against young S.S. men kept on the Home Front as Nazi bodyguard.*
- So General Fromm, Chief of Reserves, was recently ordered to report on the possibility of replacing casualties in Russia.
- **He has warned that they can't be fully replaced; Germany will face a man-power disaster this year!**
- *New S.S. murder legion is being organised to deal with "malcontents" in high places among Germany's lesser allies.*
- Tokio suspicion of Berlin grows. Germans in Malaya and East Indies have been "requested" to leave.
- **Germany is taking over defence of Greece and Aegean Islands from Italians, who are reduced to labour and supply work.**
- *Hungarian workers in Germany are giving so much trouble that they are being sent home.*
- Afraid of trouble in France, Gestapo has failed to find hundreds of "Communists" and De Gaullists marked for arrest.
- **Peasants in satellite States are hiding their crops—so Nazi estimates of food available for Germany have crashed to earth.**
- *Effort to rope in child workers throughout Europe has failed; labour boss Ley is setting up discipline boards to deal with "Child cunning."*

MAN-POWER—A WARNING

DURING the next few months this country will be drawing upon its rock-bottom reserves of man- and woman-power.

They are precious reserves, and must on no account be frittered away.

For now, in the words of Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, is our opportunity to put in the big punch."

We share his hope that before long the Allies will be able to use their full strength in attack.

But if 1943 is to be the year of an Allied invasion of Europe, it must also be the year of the final "comb-out."

The Government is facing this position without flinching.

It is right to be ruthless. We warn it not to be reckless.

Mr. Bevin calls upon every citizen to put the last ounce of individual effort into the national punch—the punch that may knock the enemy out.

The people will not fail him. We hope the Government will not fail the people by the least waste of the fuel of their enthusiasm.

To get maximum results from a maximum call-up, man-power must always be coupled to the right machine, and Mr. Bevin, asked to supply power to three national plants at once—the Forces, the war factories, and the irreducible remainder of civilian industry—has a tremendously important and difficult task.

We realise that civilian activities will have to be curtailed as never before.

Many businesses hitherto regarded as essential will be closed down; among them, for instance, no fewer than 1,250 furniture factories.

Others will have to carry on as best they may with a mere fraction of pre-war staffs. They will have to dispense with hundreds of thousands of "indispensables."

SO be it. Our people have made great sacrifices and are willing to make greater ones.

But man-power must be judiciously invested. We cannot allow it to be juggled about, like loose change, from one pocket to another.

Through much of this war and most of the last it was squandered by stupidity and lack of foresight. It was spent without planning, and we paid the penalty of this witless extravagance.

The coal shortage is primarily due to the blindness of our leaders four years ago.

Let us hope that the Government has learned its lesson from that costly folly. What concerns us now is the disposal of the nation's last and, in some ways, most valuable reserves.

Why most valuable? Because most of the men and women who *can* still be called up have been looked upon for more than three years as necessary workers in their present occupations.

They include many technical experts who will be urgently needed when the war is won.

When peace returns the need for builders—to cite one among many possible examples—may become paramount.

Mr. Bevin has said that the Government is preparing an enormous post-war housing programme, but that fact should not necessarily deter him from combing out the building trade to-day.

We applaud all *reasoned* ruthlessness. No trade or craft, no class or profession, should be regarded as privileged merely because it has been so regarded in the past.

Indeed, the Minister of Labour must be prepared to meet the necessities of the moment even at some sacrifice of long-term expediency.

Provided that he does not, in doing so, destroy or fruitlessly disperse splendid economic units; *provided* the men he takes from any given industry can be more usefully employed elsewhere; and *provided* the Government's plans are complete for their swift remobilisation in the industrial army after "the shooting war" is over.

There is a dangerous tendency among "the little Tin Gods" of officialdom to make hasty and arbitrary decisions.

They are inclined, having closed a business down and freed, say, 500 men and women for the more urgent purposes of war, to decide without due thought that fifty shall be sent here, fifty there, and other blocks of fifty hither and thither.

But what the country needs is great aims, not great "I am's." Block reservation has rightly ended. Block calling-up must never be allowed to begin.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR. By THE EDITOR

Every present case demands consideration on its merits. Personal considerations may have to be ignored, but individual aptitude is of the highest consequence.

This guiding principle should be followed both by the Forces and by war industry. The square peg in the round hole is an economic wastage of man-power which we simply cannot afford.

But it still goes on! Here is one instance among the many which are reported to us by readers every week:

A young and highly qualified engineer, hitherto reserved for constructional work on Government contracts, was recently called to the Colours.

He applied naturally to join the Engineers, but the military authorities, learning that he was a useful Rugby player, promptly posted him to an infantry unit which was short of a wing three-quarter!

That is selection of the wrong kind. It is scandalous, but we do not suggest that it is general.

In regard to the Services, our chief complaint is simply that, in many instances, they still do not take sufficient trouble or time to discover what work any given recruit is best fitted to do, and then, as far as conditions permit, send him to a unit in which he can do it.

Much more serious and more general is the waste of block productive power entailed by the call up of key men and women *before* there is key work for them and *before* their original employers have been put out of production or have had time to reorganise.

At a certain training aerodrome recently several trained girl workers not in uniform were called up for the Services. Their work was essential and they had to be replaced by makeshifts.

Most of these trained girls are now doing exactly the same kind of work in uniform that they had been doing in "civvies." But they work shorter hours at the new aerodrome, and the remaining staff at the old one scarcely knows how to cope with its duties.

This, too, may be an exceptional instance of the zeal which outruns discretion, but complaints of ill-considered and hasty call-ups in industry are all too general.

Moreover, there is still far too wide a gap between registration and interview and the actual reporting for duty in war industry or the Forces, as the case may be.

We hear of clerical workers, both men and women, who have been kept waiting for months apparently for no reason. Such delays are not only wasteful but exasperating and unfair

JOHN BULL has again and again urged the necessity of preparing for peace as well as stripping for victory.

The two objectives are not incompatible. We *can* be ruthless without being reckless.

WE *can* steadily transfer the skilled worker from civilian to purely war activity without wasting his skill; and—if the Ministry of Labour and its officials and the local tribunals take sufficient pains—we *can* do all this without losing the power to "re-conscript" him swiftly for reconstruction.

That is why we urge Mr. Bevin and the Government to use complete ruthlessness in regard to every vested interest, together with painstaking caution in regard to the individual man and woman.

To-day we are attempting total mobilisation for war. It would be the height of folly not to combine this attempt with detailed plans for total mobilisation to meet the tremendous exigencies of peace.

The Brains Trust Follies

IT'S time Sir Cecil Graves and Mr. Robert Foot, joint Directors-General of the B.B.C., listened to recordings of some of the recent Brains Trust sessions.

They'll find that much of one of the best radio features ever introduced has degenerated into sheer nonsense.

The handling of one question the other night is typical of what is going on.

Someone asked, very sensibly, if there was any record when hats were first worn, and why. Except that Miss Jennie Lee suggested cautiously that possibly the custom arose from the time when women were veiled, there was not the slightest attempt to give a clear answer.

* * *

The men who spoke sailed off into the usual music-hall comedian drivel about the weird concoctions of women's millinery. And one even suggested that men wore hats so that they could greet women out of doors!

No doubt he imagined he was being extremely funny, and supplying some of the entertainment which most listeners find is still sadly lacking in what are supposed to be B.B.C. entertainment programmes.

* * *

But he was not there to be funny, and while no one expects the Brains Trust to be dull and dreary, its real function, after all, is to furnish logical answers to reasonable questions which crop up in the minds of men and women to-day.

More and more in recent sessions has this sort of thing taken place. Men selected to take part because of their eminence and expert knowledge of various subjects don't appear to make any real effort to answer the questions which are asked.

With cacklings and guffaws which seem to indicate that they, at all events, are enjoying themselves immensely, they are soon delivering themselves of astonishing views well away from the subject.

And quite clearly they say many of the things they do with their tongues in their cheeks.

Moreover, the selection of questions now seems to be lining up with this frivolous atmosphere. One question chosen was: "What members of the Brains Trust would do if they were told they had just six months to live?" That let loose a whole flood of buffoonery.

In striking contrast was the experiment tried last week, when listeners were selected to answer questions put up by regular members of the Brains Trust.

The result came like a breath of fresh air to listeners, because, in one step, they were taken back to the original excellent conception of the feature. The "amateurs" attempted—and in the main succeeded—in giving sensible replies.

* * *

As JOHN BULL pointed out recently, there is much in the B.B.C. programmes that needs shaking up, and the Directors-General might make a good start by ensuring that members of the Brains Trust go back to their job and stop holding a weekly joke meeting among themselves.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Father of the House

DEAR LL. G.,—Next Sunday you'll be eighty. Next Tuesday M.P.s and peers will give you a dinner party to celebrate your fifty-two years in Parliament.

Here, it seems to me, is reason for both congratulation and commiseration.

Congratulations to one whose name is among the most famous in our history, who pulled us through the worst calamities and darkest perils of the last great war, who previously had fought the power of Privilege on behalf of the ordinary people and won wide measures of social reform.

But commiseration to a leader who saw his Party shrink from the second largest in the State to a divided rump.

And commiseration to a shrewd parliamentarian and magnificent orator who has seen the House of Commons lose the lustre of its former glory.

You are acutely aware, I have reason to believe, that the House "is not what it used to be."

Well, that is no old man's grouse. It is shared by the young, the middle-aged, and the elderly.

Few people would care to argue that the present House is really representative. It wasn't so, indeed, when it was elected in the doldrums of an uneasy peace.

Since then the people have become more politically alert and resolute than ever before—yes, even than when you were crusading against the House of Lords.

It is that which gives me hope that after this war is done we shall see as vigorous and fairly proportioned a House as you can remember. May you be there to welcome the newcomers!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. N. McCLEAN, National Farmers' Union

DEAR SIR,—Evidently you have made the Minister of Agriculture sit up.

It is monstrous that 10,000 acres of rich and fertile land in the Test Valley are lying derelict.

It is inexcusable that, when the nation needs every ounce of food that can be grown, rivers should be allowed to overflow their banks and fields become water-logged so as not to interfere with the sport of trout fishers.

Of course, the sportsmen are now saying that really they haven't tried to prevent the river from being cleaned out.

Not even though they pay up to £5,000 a mile for the fishing rights!

We're even told—now that you've raised the question—that really the local authorities have nice plans "on foot" to cultivate these 10,000 neglected acres.

And Mr. Hudson says that "conferences have been arranged"!

I hope they will lead to action—not next year, but this. Let us have action, too, for the hundreds of thousands of acres in southern and western Britain that await the plough.

As one authority recently declared, these acres remain under grass because the farmers have no knowledge of arable farming and are not given the advice, guidance and encouragement to plough them up.

They do not realise that an acre of land given over to the growing of feeding stuffs would feed three times the number of stock that could be fed on an acre of old grass.

So there is plenty for Mr. Hudson to do before he can get those extra million acres of ploughed land for which he appeals.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Minister-Elect, Town and Country Planning

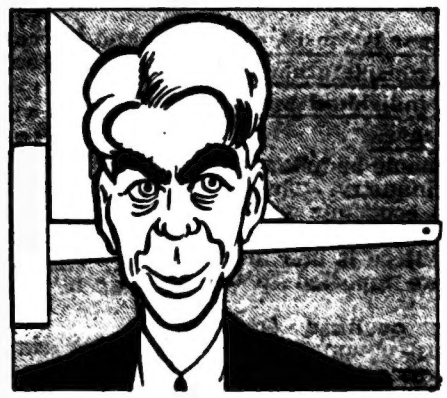
DEAR SIR,—You'll need to arm yourself strongly for the conflict.

Conflict there will be when it comes to planning the Better Britain. Already the gauntlet has been flung down by the vested interests.

Thus, we are told by the journal of the National Federation of Property Owners:

"When the last shot has been fired in the struggle for the liberty of the nations, we must be prepared to take up the cudgels in the struggle with which owners as a body will be faced in defence of their freedom."

Note those words, "cudgels" and "struggle." They suggest a plot *by* the nation *against* the landlords.



Of course, there is no such plot. But there is need to review the rights of Property.

Even the powerful Corporation of the City of London dare not publish its rebuilding plans for fear that land speculators would step in, buy up the sites marked for development, and resell them to the public for fantastic profits.

Other much-bombed cities are in the same predicament. They fear they will be held to ransom by land and property owners.

And, in the midst of a war for our existence, all kinds of vested interests are threatening us with a fresh "struggle" when the war is won—unless we are foolish enough to surrender to them here and now.

I trust you will not be so foolish. I expect you to uphold the rights of the nation as a whole.

You must see that Britain is no longer exploited by a few. You must ensure an end to the pre-war madness by which a block of property in the City of London was deemed to be worth millions.

We must see that there is no return of jerry-building, that plans for healthy cities and new suburbs are not made to [illegible] unearned fortunes to the land sharks.

First, I hope you will set up a Central Planning Authority. And then fight like fury against any who seek to sabotage it!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Black-out accidents are increasing.

Fire guards are absenting themselves from duty.

The public is being fleeced by a new trading racket.

Why? Because of the lack of a minor article that has assumed major importance in everyday life—the No. 8 torch battery.

Manufacturers state that millions of these batteries are still being produced. Maybe, but neither they nor anyone else can say where they are going to.

Judging by complaints from all over the country, they are about as easy to buy in the shops as new-laid eggs or bananas.

Shopkeepers can certainly produce batteries for other types of torch. Providing you buy the torch at an inflated price!

For some reason best known to yourself, the No. 8 case is no longer produced because it is supposed to be uneconomical. And so other sizes are being manufactured in large numbers; people are having to buy them in order to get the batteries.

Thus, more and not less materials are being used.

As for prices, well, a shoddy type of pen-shaped torch is now selling at 5s. 6d. People who will not pay through the nose for a new torch and cannot get batteries for their old No. 8 cases must, it seems, take the risk of breaking their bones in the black-out!

It should be your serious concern to investigate and remedy the muddle.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. OSBERT PEAKE, M.P., Home Office

DEAR SIR,—Many democratic Germans, Austrians and Italians are serving in the British Armed Forces.

We admire their spirit. We are grateful for their aid. But we show them no consideration.

If captured by the common enemy, they are liable to be shot as traitors.

That is the law. No protest, no argument, could save them. They would be as far beyond the pale as any outlawed brigand of the Middle Ages.

Yet there is one safeguard they have a right to claim now—the protection of British citizenship.

It should be afforded them before we ask them to go into battle. I say that if they are good enough to fight for us they are good enough to be safeguarded as Britons.

By all means check their records before granting them naturalisation. But do not delay naturalisation for months, during which time they may be sent on active service abroad.

The United States does not delay. It grants special facilities for naturalisation to all foreigners who volunteer for service.

It may be that your chief, Mr. Herbert Morrison, has been too busy with the multifarious duties of his two great Departments to give his attention to this question. I suggest you should give him a reminder.

That would be a useful way of marking your recent appointment as a Privy Councillor.—JOHN BULL.

It's Time Women Woke Up

MEMORIES of stormy days are recalled by the news that early next month the completion of the first quarter of a century of woman suffrage will be celebrated.

Those suffragettes! How we ridiculed them and pitied them! They resorted to militant methods when peaceful ones failed.

Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, was publicly assaulted; the Derby of 1914, when Craiganour won the race, was marred by the death of a suffragette who flung herself under the horses. And women chained themselves to railings outside the House of Commons.

I doubt whether these and other stupid demonstrations had any effect on the Government decision to grant votes for women. Rather, I should think, the great part played by women in furthering the 1914-18 war effort was the real factor.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Women in industry proved themselves as capable as men. And it was only logical that if women had the guts to toil in factories and workshops to help Britain they also had the social, elemental right to vote.

* * *

The woman's vote brought a new crop of political problems.

For years they have outnumbered men voters. In 1937 women electors in Britain totalled 16,443,000; men 14,674,000.

Yet the women M.P.s in the House have never been more than a handful.

And except for one or two isolated cases the political influence of women has—or seems to have—hardly affected the tenor of Parliamentary life.

What may be deduced from this? Politically, it would seem, women have yet to grow up.

I don't think a lot of them care about the vote. But there would be howls of rage if it were suggested that women are not carrying out their obligations as citizens.

Some women do think clearly—and on visionary lines. I met one the other day.

She was inclined to the view that women, properly organised as a World League of Women, could have prevented this war. She may be right. I don't know. Nor do you.

But she seemed to be thinking on the right lines. How many women are like her? Very few, I should say.

Look at the indignities women suffer in silence! Take one thing—houses. Look at the rubbishy jerry-built contraptions which, by courtesy, are called homes.

Houses without bathrooms, without refrigerators, without electric points.

Houses with dark, ill-planned kitchens. Houses that become burdens to the souls of women, creating in them bitterness and misery, turning them into nagging wives and robbing them of leisure and happiness.

* * *

It may be argued that the economic limitations of most families preclude them from having the homes they desire. Women, banded together politically, could *compel* the building of houses they want to live in.

It is only fair to remember that not until 1929 did women get the vote on equal terms with men.

But the fact remains that the country politically is still a man's country.

Whether it will remain so in post-war years is another matter.

I hope it doesn't. Because if women would only set their hearts on playing a real part in the building of that new Britain we all hope to see, they would, I believe, get on with the job and see it through.

He Has 22 German Tanks In His Bag

★ Before the war Sergeant E. A. Maile, D.C.M., M.M., was a farmer's boy. His father, whose acres are near Colchester, advised him: "You'd better join the Army for a time, son, and learn how to handle men." He little dreamed that the quest would make his son one of the champion tank-baggers of the Army.

—By JOHN CASHEL

ON the ridge-top, where the tankmen lay, stones whipped up vicious little fountains of sand and ricochetted with a cold clink off the rocky underbed.

It was one of their tough days.

Beside them was one of their knocked-out tanks. Fifty paces away was another, blazing under the glare of the mid-afternoon African sun.

Choking cordite fumes wafted toward them, mingled with the stench of burning oil, petrol and rubber—and explosions as shells and bullets went off when they became red-hot.

Warning Bullets

The men, who had leapt clear of their tanks, belonged to the 10th Hussars, "The Shiners" of polished-button days and now with an Armoured Division.

Scooping away the white desert sand with their hands, they tried to hug closer into the ground, but soon tore their fingers on the rock beneath the thin coating of sand.

At those slight movements snipers' bullets sounded a warning.

So the men lay dead still.

They didn't know then they'd do so for five long hours, aching from the effort of trying not to move a muscle!

It was a supreme test of discipline—and good comradeship, for one man's movement was enough to give all away.

Their worst trial was when the Germans burst a high explosive shell eight yards away, and it killed the troop leader, Second-Lieutenant Craig, and slightly wounded another man.

The commander of the burning second tank took charge.

He was Sergeant E. A. Maile, D.C.M., M.M., some son of a tank, for his "Game Book," as he calls it, was soon to show a total bag of twenty-two Hun tanks to his credit.

In the action which led to the tight corner this jovial N.C.O. had commanded one of ten tanks that swept through a narrow path in the enemy minefield.

Let him tell the story in his own words.

Shermans, they were, he said. Best I've ever fought in. But it was our toughest day.

Five were knocked out before we reached the ridge and an order came to withdraw. Three others got back. The troop leader's and mine were already on the ridge.

"Can't Move Her"

Mine had knocked out a dug-in tank, two 50-mm. anti-tank guns and an 88-mm.; and had itself stood up to several hits.

"Driver, reverse!" I shouted through the microphone on receiving the withdrawal order. He yelled back, "Can't move her!"

A shell had busted our track and we couldn't get back behind the hill.

An 88 H.E. hit the troop leader's track and sprocket (wheel that drives track). Blast scorched him and his crew. They jumped out and lay flat.

We hit a Jerry with our 75. An armour-piercer got our engine. We didn't hear, feel or know it at the moment. Surprising?

Well, outside was the battlefield din. Inside our lovely 75 was punching them out at a terrific rate, about twenty well-aimed-ones a minute, and the emitted empties were rattling on the steel floor.

Incidentally, cordite fumes came out with the empties till the compartment was as foggy as a London "pea-souper" and we couldn't see the next man.

First we knew we'd been hit was when a sheet of flame leapt forward from the engine and followed the air current up through the turret hatch where I stood.

"Bale out!" I ordered.

Flames licked round us singeing our clothes, hair and eye-brows.

The others, in the lower compartment, crawled out of trap-doors just big enough for a man to squeeze through.

Rescuing Wounded

Fortunately no one was injured. It's no joke dragging a wounded man by his equipment shoulder straps through those doors while bullets whizz around.

It's a code of honour that no wounded man is ever left in a tank. I've seen several give their lives to live up to it.

Five times I've escaped from burning tanks with only a singeing. We don't wait a second longer than is necessary.

Besides blazing petrol and oil, there's the suffocating stench from the burning rubber ceiling padding that protects our heads from bumps; the rubber brow-pads the gunners press their heads against to help keep their aim steady; the wireless insulation; the padded seats.

Aluminium fittings and copper piping become molten liquid, and the ammunition goes up.

Well, we raced to where the troop leader and his men lay beside their tank, fifty yards to our port, and flopped down alongside them.

And that five hours began when everyone's duty to himself, his companions and his country was to stick it out as a seemingly dead man so that he could live to fight another day.

It was hardest for those from the other tank, lying still in agony, badly burned by blast.

Among my crew were Whetton, the driver; Naversey, co-driver; Keane, main gunner; Gornall, operator, who besides handling the wireless puts right gun stoppages, probably the hardest worked member of the crew

The last three, all North countrymen, were close pals; went to school together, had stuck together ever since.

Every man kept his head. Tommy humour, as always, came to our aid.

Glancing at our burning tank, we remembered we had 20 lb. of extra provisions aboard, including a bottle of whisky and cigarettes. We'd saved up for them for when zero hour came.

"Blimey, to think all that money's going up in smoke instead of our eating it," said Naversey quietly as snipers' bullets zipped into the sand.

"I'm not worrying about the grub," retorted Whetton. "It's the whisky we could do with now."

Stukas were hell when they swooped to 300 ft. Now they don't really dive-bomb at all. It's only seldom that they come down below 1,500. Scared stiff of our ground stuff.

Give me our fighter-bombers every time. Once, by accident, I was shot up by them when they almost shaved the tops off our heads. I know!

The five hours dragged by. Sergeant Maile, now acting as troop leader, watched dusk coming on. It was their chance . . . before the moon rose to make night almost as bright as day.

German Patrol

Then Whetton noticed a German patrol with fixed bayonets stalking towards them. "Damn, looks like Stalag for us after all," he groaned.

Sergt. Maile calls the record his 'Game Book'

Coming within 50 yards, the Germans turned towards two other tanks burning behind the hill, and disappeared in the gloom.

"Now's our chance. Run. Come on," commanded Sergeant Maile, indicating their lines nearly two miles away.

In Action Again

They got away with it, holding their breath as every step through Jerry's minefield made them wonder what they'd set foot on.

At eight next morning they joined their regiment. An hour later Sergeant Maile was in another tank, this time as troop leader.

Charging in force, the Hussars took the ridge and never let it go . . . it was worth having lived to fight that next day.

Sergeant Maile's Sherman alone knocked out five Jerries; and soon he'd added to his one in France twenty-one in Africa.

Finland Hasn't Fought For a Year!

IT soon may be touch and go whether Finland will carry on as one of Hitler's satellites or break away from him.

If she goes on, nothing will change in the general situation, but if she quits, the consequences—military, diplomatic and, above all, psychological—may be tremendous.

★ ★ ★

War-weariness is no longer the proper phrase to describe the situation in Finland; only the word "exhaustion" is adequate.

Finland was already worn out by her first war with Russia three years ago. Yet, she yielded later to the temptation to seek her revenge with Germany's help.

This was her big mistake. Her military leaders had trusted the assurances of Hitler that all would be over in two months, and they were promised Eastern Karelia as a reward.

Instead of a small share in the booty the Finns had a big share in the losses. Added to their sacrifices in the previous campaign, these new losses led to virtual incapacity of the army, both physical and moral, to carry on as an active partner.

Even the Germans had to admit it, but rather than allow their Northern satellite to quit they tacitly condoned its passivity.

The Finnish High Command issues from time to time an official communiqué which usually reports clashes between patrols or air raids against the Murmansk railway.

But these communiqués are just fake. Actually nothing has happened at all along the hundreds of miles of the Finnish-Russian front for nearly a year. The Russians know it, of course; so do the Nazi leaders, and the Finnish people suspect it.

Hitler needs these farcical "communiqués" to keep up the pretence of a solid and active alliance between all Axis partners, lest other satellites might also demand that they should remain passive.

Still: Why does Finland stick to her partnership with Hitler?

★ ★ ★

There are two reasons. First, she fears that, if she were to sign a separate armistice, she would lose her independence later.

Secondly, she is scared by the prospect of famine. She depends entirely, for the moment, on food imported from Germany. Left alone she would be starved within a month.

If a satisfactory answer can be found to this twofold problem, there is a great probability that Finland will be only too glad to shake off a partnership which the vast majority of the population now regards as disastrous.

President Roosevelt, who carefully avoided severing diplomatic relations with Finland, has just recalled the U.S. Minister in Helsinki, Mr. Arthur Schoenfeld, to Washington for a personal report.

★ ★ ★

This journey may well prove decisive.

If America, together with Britain, and with Stalin's consent, undertakes to guarantee Finland's national independence after victory, the first obstacle against a separate armistice would be removed.

The food problem is perhaps more difficult, for technical reasons.

But a definite pledge that some of the vast quantities of food which Britain and the U.S. are convoying to Russia via Murmansk should be diverted to Finland, would deprive the last Axis supporters in Helsinki of their main argument.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

WHAT OF THE NEUTRALS

★ *It is everybody's war and the time has come when grim realities pose the question whether any nation should remain on the fence. Apart from other considerations, they need no longer fear Hitler's bluster*

Says A. G. GARDINER

THAT we are on the road to victory we know. That the enemy knows it, too, is clear from the startling change in the accents of Hitler, from the apologetics of Goebbels, and from the obvious fears of a break on the German home front.

Given the maintenance of our magnificent national solidarity, victory is not seriously in doubt.

But we want it soon. We want it before the whole world is bled white by the struggle and is too exhausted to rise again. We want it this year.

And I share the Russian view that we can get it this year. A sober comparison of the situation in January, 1918, with that of January, 1943, powerfully confirms that view. We won then within the year. We can win now within the year.

BUT WE MUST STRAIN EVERY NERVE. WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR EVERY SACRIFICE. WE MUST BRING EVERY WEAPON INTO PLAY. WE MUST CALL UP ALL OUR RESERVES.

It is that last essential of victory—victory in '43—which I wish to emphasise to-day. We can speak of it with candour now, for we are no longer the under-dog. We are on top.

We are going to win. We can confidently call on those who wish us to win to help us to win quickly.

* * *

There are two categories to whom the appeal can be made. The first is the occupied countries, from France to Poland and from Norway to Greece.

Hitler and his murder gang have encircled themselves with a whole Continent of enemies who only await the hour to strike.

While his iron heel is upon their necks and the issue is in doubt, fear and discretion compel them to lie low and reserve their fire.

Some of them have taken great risks and ignored the dictates of caution. Yugoslavia has dared to wage open war against the enemy, and in the final reckoning the heroic part it has played will have a glorious pre-eminence.

Hardly less illustrious has been the indomitable defiance of Greece. The story of Norway in these tragic years has been lit up with a thousand episodes of personal valour among all ranks of the people—bishops, fishermen, teachers, professional men and, above all, sailors.

So with Poland, Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia—think of the tragedy of Lidice.

Even poor, tortured France, betrayed by the blackguards within, has shown that the spirit of the "Marseillaise" still lives in her, and only awaits the hour to burst into flame.

* * *

THAT HOUR HAS COME. IT IS OUR BUSINESS TO PROCLAIM TO ALL THE SLAVE PEOPLES OF EUROPE THAT "NOW'S THE DAY AND NOW'S THE HOUR."

We are no longer fighting a desperate delaying action. We are fighting with the certainty of victory. With their help we can bring that certainty to accomplishment this year.

We are taking great risks. They must take them, too.

From end to end of Europe there must be organised such a wave of rebellion as will shake Hitler's jerry-built empire to its foundations.

While Hitler is stretched to his utmost in Russia and in the Mediterranean, the Continent must be in flames behind him.

His resources must be scattered. His troops must be kept on the run hither and thither by carefully timed outbreaks that will disintegrate his whole machine.

There must be sabotage on the grand scale—on the railways, in factories, in shipyards, everywhere. The terror which Hitler has used as an instrument of war must be imposed on him.

The morale of his creatures must be broken. No German in uniform should be allowed to walk abroad in the cities, which his presence insults, without being haunted by fear.

He should be made to feel that he is a beast of prey against whom every honest man's hand is turned.

TWO OF HITLER'S MOST VULNERABLE WEAKNESSES SHOULD BE CEASELESSLY ATTACKED. HE IS SHORT OF TRANSPORT. HE IS SHORT OF OIL.

From end to end of Europe his locomotives and his fuel dumps should be the special target of destruction. There is no quicker way of winning the war.

* * *

IF IT IS SAID THAT THIS MEANS TERRIBLE DANGER, THE ANSWER IS IT DOES. BUT DANGER WILL NOT BE ESCAPED BY SURRENDER TO TYRANNY. HITLER WILL SEE TO THAT.

He is seeing to it already. As his chances darken, his savagery increases.

His murder gangs are busier than ever. His slave-drivers are abroad in every country, rounding up their victims. By thousands and tens of thousands. The curfew is ordained, now in Brussels, now in Marseilles.

The terror deepens over every subject land. It will not be lifted without the spilling of much blood—innocent as well as guilty.

* * *

The second category from which we should draw reserves which should help to win the war quickly are the neutrals. I have said "should draw," for I am less hopeful here.

Any nation that is sitting on the fence to-day is a nation that stands condemned. And the condemnation must not be forgotten in the hour of victory.

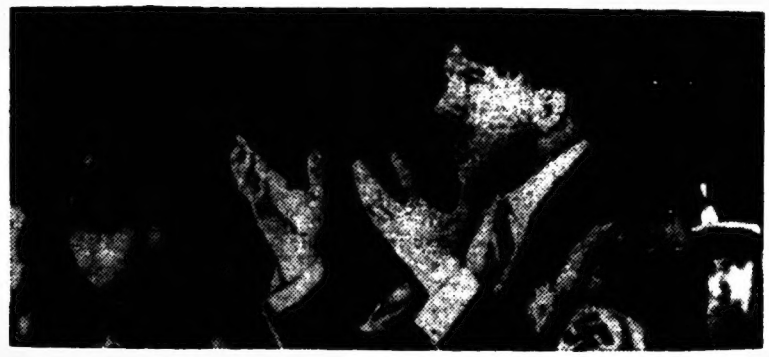
It is time that we said this. It is time that we applied to all neutrals the deadly comment that that great Irishman Hugh Law quoted recently in regard to Ireland:

"If England wins this war, Ireland is eternally shamed. If England loses this war Ireland is eternally enslaved."

It is time, I say, that we talked to neutrals in the terms we have just addressed to Argentina. Why is she still on the fence? Why is she crabbing the unity of the American continent? Why is she the refuge of the agents of "the enemies of mankind"?

It was intelligible while she expected that Hitler would win and while the issue was in doubt. It was intelligible, because, like other neutrals, she said: "If we oppose Hitler and he wins we have his revenge to fear. If England wins we have nothing to fear."

Hitler has traded on this conflict of bar-



Hitler's blustering threats are becoming fiercer, but . . .

—And Those Thre

LONG before Hitler could count on Japan joining the Axis, a tall, lean German used to travel a great deal in the Far East.

His name was Dr. Stahmer, and only a few well-informed observers connected his journeys with Hitler's war plans. Stahmer was actually one of Germany's expert spies and secret agents and carried on his sinister work in many disguises.

* * *

Finally, Hitler invested him with diplomatic status and appointed him German Ambassador in Nanking, Japan's puppet capital in China.

Now, in one of the rare reshuffles in the Nazi Diplomatic Corps, Stahmer is again promoted, and has been transferred as German Ambassador to Tokyo.

It is well to watch Stahmer and two other Nazi diplomats affected by the reshuffle, because these changes always mean that Hitler expects trouble or means to make trouble himself.

Stahmer's transfer is obviously the result of Hitler's dissatisfaction with Japanese collaboration in Axis plans. His predecessor, General Ott, was friendly enough with the Japanese war lords. But he could not make the moves according to Hitler's whim.

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barism and civilisation. It is a part of his technique of Terror.

"Obey me or I'll murder you," he says. "The other fellow is a gentleman and you have nothing to fear from him anyway." On that technique he conquered Europe—"one by one."

He is still applying the technique to the neutrals. And every day the campaign of intimidation grows more bitter.

But that game is up, if only the neutrals will realise it. They have nothing to fear from a bully whose bluff has been called and who is reeling under the blows of enemies he will never shake off.

Hitler's hands are far too full henceforth to permit him to add to the number of his active foes.

And to be just to the Turks and the Swedes they are showing no disposition to be knocked off their fence by the intimidations of the bully.

But why should there be any neutrals left on the fence?

This is everybody's war. We are all in it together, whether we fight or not. We are all going to be slave or free together. Why then sit on the fence?

It is quite safe to come off. Hitler is not going to win. He will have neither blessings nor revenges to distribute in the post-war world. He will have no place in the post-war world except the gallows.

AND WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY! IF THE NEUTRALS INTERVENED NOW THE SHOCK WOULD BE ELECTRICAL.

IT WOULD NOT CHANGE THE VERDICT. BUT IT WOULD SHORTEN THE WAR. IT WOULD MAKE VICTORY IN '43 ASSURED.

Men From Berlin

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homsen, who now nister in Sweden. ost was German chargé d'affaires in Washington, which he held until the outbreak of war with America.

Now, while the change of German diplomats in Madrid is an evil omen for Spain, Thomsen's transfer to Stockholm should help to dispel Swedish fears of a Nazi aggression.

Hitler wants Thomsen as a watch-dog in one of Europe's few remaining neutral capitals which maintains the most cordial relations with America and which he hopes will continue to do so, whatever happens in other theatres of war.

★ ★ ★

Thomsen knows all about America. And if Spain should be involved in war he will be in a better position to watch America from Stockholm than any other Nazi diplomat.

Thomsen, too, better than any other Nazi agent, will be able to keep his ear to the ground and to pick up the host of rumours and reports which flow into Stockholm from Britain and Russia.

There is no other neutral capital so important to-day as a listening post for Hitler. And no more important man is available for the post than Thomsen, who became Nazi diplomat number one as soon as Ribbentrop became German Foreign Minister.

It will be wise to watch this Nazi trio. By their new appointments they reveal an important piece of Hitler's mind.

W. F.

HOW WAR HAS CHANGED US—2

By MAURICE FAGENCE

Don't Forget The Other War For Air!

SOME people rave at Mr. Herbert Morrison: "Bring the children back to the cities!"

They say that evacuation, "which his obstinacy alone perpetuates," does nothing but harm.

They point to the cost—£19,000,000 during the big blitzes—as "wicked waste."

I wonder if they remember pre-war Britain? The millions of city schoolchildren doomed to get no relief from drab, unhealthy side-streets?

The sheer necessity of their drifting into local industries for which they might be physically, temperamentally or mentally ill-fitted — or being sneered at as work-shy or unemployable?

The lack of machinery to move them to where there was suitable work—or health?

I cannot survey pre-war child-life in all our big cities.

London can be taken as a good sample of many.

Never Left London

In a pre-war year when London had 550,000 schoolchildren, 285,000 didn't spend one week of that year out of London.

200,000 didn't leave London at all that year.

The vast majority of that number had never left London.

The *top* class of a girls' school went to the seaside.

Seventeen had never seen the sea. Five had never seen a cow.

Nature gives us the green of the countryside to soothe and refresh our eyes.

Forty of every hundred little children in London's back-streets were doomed to bad sight—half of them to wear glasses throughout their adult life.

Meant for Us

Nature gives us the fresh air of the open countryside to chase away illness and build strong bodies.

One London child in two had some minor complaint. And only one in six was thoroughly well nourished.

Tens of thousands lived in conditions of appalling overcrowding.

As example, in one district that has been pretty well bombed out of existence, 400 families — average nearly five to a family—lived in one room per family.

What jobs could these children get save the jobs that happened to be going locally?

Who was to discern the special skill that might have got them really well-paid and congenial work elsewhere?

Who was to send them to those happier fields of human endeavour —right out of that rut which through generations has led from Grub Street to the local cemetery?

Nobody. Nothing. Until evacuation came. And that has been true of most big cities—and many more smaller and more squalid towns.

Take the Big View

You've not got to assess evacuation on the basis of little Freddie Smith who got into trouble with the village policeman for stealing apples.

Or little Bill Snooks who, sent to your country cottage from the wilds of Wapping, sniffed at table and played havoc with your home.

You've got to take the big view of it all.

Evacuation is one of the biggest revolutions of our time—too big to have come in less than fifty years without the spur of war.

This girl found new joys in the country

One of the cheapest revolutions, too.

From what it is accomplishing, there can be no going back. And I don't think Mr. Morrison intends there shall be any going back.

It costs, at the moment, £100,000 a week, or 1/875th of Britain's war bill.

Here are some figures which will tell you what that £100,000 a week is accomplishing.

There were more than a million official evacuees at one time—and many more unofficial ones.

Official evacuees have fallen by more than half—to 225,000 children on their own, and 70,000 mothers accompanied by their 125,000 children.

Many of those, it is known, never want to go back to the city streets.

For it is natural that those with the best homes in the big cities, and the least desire to settle down in the country, were the first to go back.

Most of those who remain find many reasons why they should stay.

Mothers, Too

Many of the mothers have found good jobs—war jobs—in the factories that have grown up in the green of the countryside.

Their children have grown up to find jobs in the same districts.

In one delightfully situated aircraft factory, 250 of these women are doing highly expert work on fighter-planes.

They have between them some 300 or more children who have embarked on careers in their localities—some of their heftiest lads with the idea of becoming farmers.

They have many more younger children who will be able to find work near in due course.

What about "dad"?

He, in most cases, has joined one of the Services since the family was evacuated.

Home to him is no longer the side-streets. It is where they are.

Mr. Bevin has pointed out that we haven't built a single new war factory without knowing what use it will be put to in post-war years.

Mother knows those factories with green fields round them will have to be staffed after the war.

She has ambitions for dad.

So don't get the idea in your heads that those 425,000 people are breaking their hearts to get back to cobblestones.

And remember this, if you still think that £100 000 a week "big."

Children who weren't evacuated with their mothers have grown up, too.

Wages aren't big when you have just left school. Not big enough to buy you the cheapest lodgings.

So boys and girls of school-leaving age who haven't mother to look after them are being given a billeting allowance to give them a fair start on their careers.

I'm sorry for the people who weigh the cost of evacuation.

Thousands of the mothers didn't know how to sew when they were sent away. Or to cook.

I don't blame them. There is something soul-destroying about a slum.

To-day, it can be said of few of the women who go to the 581 special recreational clubs or 398 "make and mend" centres for evacuated mothers that they are anything but complete housewives.

I saw letters from some of their husbands—men who have gone home on leave to find their womenfolk completely transformed.

Completely Transformed

And they found their children transformed, too

In the country you don't reserve games and recreations for the fittest youngsters, as is so often the case in schools.

There's a place in the team for everybody.

And the boy who never knew how an egg came into the world gets a new approach to life when he has watched things grow and realises that, stern as are the property laws in the drabbest slum, Nature doesn't hide her beech nuts, mushrooms, blackberries, crab-apples and countless other treasures.

Shall we still continue to grow two-thirds of our own food?

The old excuse was that not enough men wanted to work on the land.

Growing up in the countryside to-day, thanks to evacuation, are plenty of boys who want to work on the land.

No, we mustn't listen to the "herd them back" to the cities arguments.

If there are minor difficulties—village schools too small, or something similar—they must be smoothed away. Things had to be planned quickly.

There were worse difficulties in the way of Mr. Morrison's Green Belt for London scheme—but he didn't let them stand in the way.

Work on the Land

He can make all Britain a Green Belt, if he remains "obstinate"—a Green Belt in which all who want the fresh air, clean lungs, straight limbs and other boons of the great green spaces can have them as a birthright.

You won't have to compress so many people into the cities, then. And the bombed-out sites of overcrowded homes won't blossom again weed-like as new slums.

DANGEROUS 'DETECTIVES'

MAGISTRATES and judges have from time to time made stringent comment about certain "private detective agencies" whose methods have come to their notice.

They were not referring, of course, to reputable detective agencies, run by ex-police officers and other men of integrity, which are beyond criticism, and often render valuable assistance to the authorities.

Unscrupulous

For many essential investigations come outside the scope of our regular police forces and, therefore, genuine inquiry organisations are necessary.

But the profession attracts all kinds of unscrupulous people who are able to operate without hindrance.

As the law now stands, there is nothing to stop anyone from setting up as a private detective.

My investigators have evidence of a rogue who, posing as a private detective, is the last person who should be trusted with any personal or confidential inquiry.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

He calls himself Henry Moreton-Stanley, M.M. His headquarters are at 35, St. James' Avenue, West Ealing, London, but he also uses other addresses.

He advertises in the following manner:

"Detectives, divorce, domestic and general inquiries; all parts; 28 years' police and court experience; clients' and solicitors' references."

Naturally, most people who are unhappily married, separated from husbands or wives, or who desire some delicate inquiry into matters which come outside recognised police duties, would be attracted by such an advertisement.

Yet the truth is that Henry Moreton-Stanley is wholly unfitted for such confidential tasks.

Some people, unfortunate enough to get in touch with him through such misleading announcements, have been shamefully imposed upon and swindled.

Others who have paid fees in the belief that they were dealing with an experienced private detective of exemplary character have—quite apart from any question of definite swindling—been given a very poor run for their money, even though certain inquiry work may have been carried out on their behalf by Henry Moreton-Stanley, M.M.

Long List of Victims

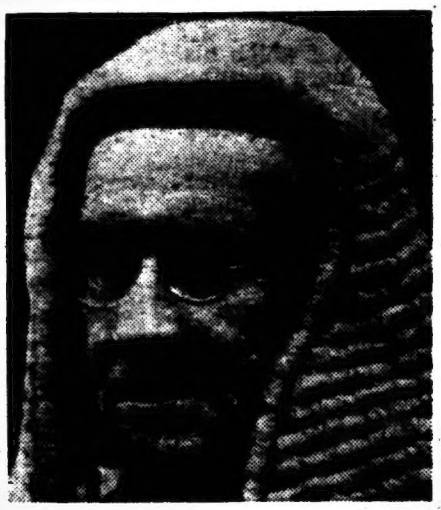
On this rogue's long list of victims are many women who have paid fees to him in the hope of obtaining sufficient information to file petitions for divorce against their husbands.

In one case a woman, deceived by his "reports," employed him to trace her husband, who disappeared and stopped paying her an allowance.

In the end she found that Henry Moreton-Stanley had generously collected money from her husband on her behalf, but had refrained from paying it over to her! And all the time he had been drawing fees from her as well!

And what of his "twenty-eight years' police and court experience"—as emphasised in his advertisements.

He joined the Leeds (West Riding) Constabulary in 1912. He left in 1914 to join the Forces. Following a most creditable Army career, during which he won the Military Medal, he went back to the Leeds Police.



Mr. Justice Charles has several times commented on certain types of private detectives

After a brief period he was "permitted to resign for highly irregular conduct."

He then became a private detective and, except for periods spent in Canada and elsewhere, has been one ever since.

There is one claim he makes that I will not refute—he certainly *has* had a long "Court experience."

One of his terms was twelve months for stealing a £50 note from a woman client's handbag.

Another was three years' penal servitude for obtaining money by false pretences from clients (mostly women) and for swindling men who paid him cash deposits in the hope that they would be trained as private detectives!

That he is versatile, to say the least, is obvious when I add that he has sometimes fancied himself in the guise of a business adviser, and has obtained money from people seeking businesses for services which have proved to be of very doubtful value.

Henry Moreton-Stanley, known in the past as "Hubert Williams" and "Stanley Cooke," says that he excels in divorce investigations.

There is every reason why he should.

Once, when in Canada, he left his wife stranded and came here with a woman whom he subsequently deserted after taking all her savings. He was finally divorced by his wife, who told a pitiful story of her experiences.

Take Care!

I am glad to know that certain newspapers in which he has lately been advertising are now refusing his announcements because he shows a marked disinclination to pay his bills.

So much for Henry Moreton-Stanley.

The nature of the business which such people transact makes it highly desirable that "private detective" advertisements should always be carefully scrutinised.

Small wonder, isn't it, that judges and magistrates so often find themselves asking questions about the status of some "private detectives."

Mr. Justice Charles, for example, always makes a point of asking any witness called before him who is described as a private detective what qualifications he possesses for applying such a description to himself.

Just before the war the British Detectives' Association, formed by reputable ex-police officers to "elevate the standards of the profession of private detectives and to prevent abuses," hoped that some form of compulsory registration would come into force.

Probably this will have to wait until after the war. Until then, people should safeguard themselves by consulting only detectives who are members of the British Detectives' Association, or who can furnish satisfactory credentials.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Clark, Thrush Street, Walworth, London, S.E.17, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SAUCY TIPSTER TO IGNORE

OF all the fatuous dog-race-betting propositions in circulation, one that tops the bill for downright impudence comes from "P. Beasley," Denman Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Writing to complete strangers, his phraseology suggests he is Pat Beasley, the famous jockey, and he asks for money to be sent him for secret speculation on dogs he knows are to "win easily."

Talking about "influential connections," he infers that secrecy is essential and, keeping to himself the identity of the dogs to be backed, promises a "nice packet of money" to all supporters who send "maximum stakes" along without any further questions.

There may be lots of people silly enough to imagine that their money would be going to the real Pat, but anyone with even elementary racing sense would know that a jockey of his standing would never be mixed up with such a proposition.

That's why I'm glad to dissociate his name from this obvious racket—which is run, by the way, from an accommodation address!

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

HOW CAN WE PLAN THE FUTURE?

● Readers ask me how it is possible to make plans for a future world which will be approved by those who inherit it and who may have quite different ideals from ours.

So fear of the unborn is now to be added to fear of ourselves!

It is failure to plan in the past that has invariably been criticised by succeeding generations. Any plan, however crude, has been better than chaos.

It would be, indeed, a pity if Posterity could see no fault in what we plan to-day. For that would mean that its idealism was no higher than ours.

It would mean that it could not improve on what we had done. It would mean, indeed, the end of human endeavour.

WHAT WILL REMAIN RIGHT?

● Besides, it is easy to lay down certain policies for human life that, in the main, are eternal.

Every child, for instance, should be given a chance in life. That, I imagine, Man will always accept as being right.

Then what generation will say that we were wrong in seeking to so locate industries that people would be properly distributed over the country instead of being herded together in a few big cities?

We seek to build an educational ladder, easy to climb, from the elementary schools to the science colleges and the universities. Only a generation of barbarians would want to destroy that ladder.

The more enlightened folk now envisage a world in which, by the establishing of an international court, national disputes can be settled, and the establishment, to enforce its decisions, of an international police force which could stop war at its start.

When will any generation, having seen that in being, want to return to the conditions of the present day?

SHOULD WE FEAR THE FUTURE?

● If we fear the future we should never do anything.

We know from experience that certain inspired leaders and writers taught us, in the past, lessons which, if we had applied them, would already have made this world comparatively an earthly Paradise.

Plato, in his "Republic," laid down certain principles of government which are eternal.

Sir Thomas More, in the black Tudor days, envisaged a Utopia in a book which, over three centuries later, is still an inspiration.

Abraham Lincoln tried to teach the world tolerance. When will intolerance be regarded by Mankind as Hitler regards it to-day?

Besides, if it ever does, it will be wrong, not right.

Then Christopher Wren, after the Great Fire, planned a model London. We know to-day that the vested interests that destroyed his great plan brought about the muddle of our present-day Metropolis, never mind what anybody now unborn may think. The planning of a new London is right, not wrong.

WHAT ARE WE SURE OF?

● Yes, there are certain eternal principles — Justice, Mercy, Truth. And it is upon these that we can safely build.

We can see, for instance, that the world's scientists can pool their ideas, instead of working singly, and that, for the benefit of all mankind, the results are given to the world.

We can ensure that, instead of production depending on someone's greed, it is governed by the necessity of consumers.

We can guarantee to all workers, if we have the courage, sufficient to purchase all the essentials of life, and to make this a first charge on the nation's income.

Yet it is ourselves of whom we are afraid, not the unborn. We are afraid of one another. We have not the courage of our higher instincts.

Besides this, you must remember that we are only beginning to plan to-day because we have only just begun to learn how to organise. Man would have planned centuries ago, had he been able to do it.

Posterity, when it judges us, will applaud our attempts to improve, even if, with greater wisdom, it finds fault with the blundering way we sought to do it.

And the more we improve, the more idealistic Posterity will become. And therefore the more critical it will be.

NO ROOM FOR TWO OF THEM!

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY
★
By
WILL SCOTT

POOR old Oi! Nice old bloke. Bored you to everlasting tears, but a nice old bloke. Six years to-morrow since he died. Time does race on.

Eighty-six he was. The Oldest Inhabitant. O.I. That's why we called him the Oi, if you get me. Everybody called him the Oi.

You used to meet him all over the place. Eighty-six or not, he could get about. Most mornings he was in the library, most evenings he was in the local. And any fine afternoon you'd find him sitting in the park.

That's where I first found him. He was sitting with his hands on his stick and his chin on his hands, staring at the little lake. He seemed very lonely, so I passed some remark about the view, and he said he could remember when there wasn't any view there. He could remember when there wasn't any park.

Then he had a sideways look at me.

"You're new here," he said.

I explained that I had been a resident a fortnight, having taken a house at the other end of the town.

"Retired?" he asked.

I said no. I said that was a mug's game. Retire, and all you've got to do is fade away—fatal. You must have something to do. No, I said, I went up to London four times a week.

He wasn't really listening, I found. He was pointing to the pond.

"No pond, no park, nothing when I first see it," he told me. "Just rough fields." Then: "I'm eighty-six."

"Wonderful," I said.

He touched my hand.

"I can remember," he said, "time they laid foundation-stone of town hall."

"Really?" said I.

"Ah," said he. Then, after wiping his old eyes: "I can remember the iron bridge."

"You can?" said I.

He seemed to fill up with pride.

"Ain't nobody else living ever saw the iron bridge," said he.

"Well!" said I.

"I fell off it when I was a boy. Yes . . Nigh on seventy year since they pulled it down."

And he proceeded to pour out what was practically a catalogue of all the things he could remember in the town, all the changes he had seen.

I thought he was a most interesting old bloke. Then. . . .

The second time I met him was in the library. He was standing in front of an old engraving of the iron bridge, and he had completely forgotten that we'd met before.

"I remember that," he said, pointing. "That's the old iron bridge. I fell off it when I was a boy. I'm the only one alive that ever saw it. I remember 'em pulling it down. Nigh on seventy year ago, that was."

I noticed other people in the library sheering off suddenly, but I didn't guess why at the time. I let him pour it out all over again—the town hall foundation-stone, the fields where the park is now, all the things he could remember, all the changes he had seen. A bit boring, but I let him.

THE next time I began to tire. That was in the local, and again he had forgotten me—although he hadn't forgotten all the changes he had seen in eighty-six years. The local was full when he came in and began. It was empty before he finished. Everybody but me had sheered off.

You can see how it was. And other people soon told me. The Oi just bored the whole population to tears. They'd heard his tale of the old days so many times that they wanted to scream when they saw him coming. They used to *run*. You can understand it.

And although I don't like to admit it now, I began to dodge him myself. If I saw him coming *I* began to run.

"I remember that," he said, pointing. "That's the old iron bridge. I fell off it when I was a boy. I'm the only one alive that ever saw it"

Yet I was sorry for him.

He was the only one who had lasted through from his own times. He was the sole survivor of events which were all he had to talk about. One by one all the rest had died off, and he was left like the last of the summer's flies on the window-pane on Christmas morning.

YES, he bored you to everlasting tears, but I was sorry for him. I saw that being an Oi was a very tragic thing.

If only (I remember thinking) there had been somebody he could have *remembered* with, somebody else who had been there when all the wonderful things of his early years had happened. But they were all in the churchyard up the hill, and all poor old Oi could do was flit from one to another of an unsympathetic later generation and babble about something they couldn't understand.

And all they—we—could do was sheer off and leave him to it.

I wanted to *help* him, in a way. But I knew I couldn't.

And then, all at once, I knew I *could*. I got an idea.

In London one day I ran into Watty Jones, an old actor pal of mine, looking as if he wanted a job, and I seemed to set eyes on Watty and the idea together. Watty was about sixty, but give him a make-up box and he could look like a *hundred* and sixty in five minutes or so.

"Watty," I said, "how would you like a week's holiday with pay, and everything found?"

He nibbled at once.

"I should want you," I said, "to look at least ninety-eight."

"Tell me," said Watty.

I explained about the Oi, and how there was nobody left from his days, and how I wanted to bring somebody back from the past who would *remember* and understand and give him a chance to talk by the hour. Somebody who wouldn't sheer off.

"He'd rumble it at once," said Watty.

"Not," said I, "if you were returning to your native town for the first time since boyhood. Not if you kept it to your first fifteen years. You see, the idea would be that you left the town before he was five. He'd remember the times, but he wouldn't remember you."

"You'll provide all the local colour?" said Watty.

"Leave it to me," said I.

"All right," said Watty, "I'll do it."

And he did it. Made up as about the oldest old man on earth.

Watty and the Oi met in the local one night, and in no time they were talking away nineteen to the dozen. There was a full house to look on and listen.

"Yes, eighty year it'll be since I last set foot in this town," said Watty in a weak, old voice.

The Oi's eyes opened wide.

"D'yer remember the old iron bridge?"

"That I do! *And* windmill where picture palace be now."

"Ah! Bet you don't remember old Jonas Cuff?"

"Bet I do, now! An' old Dobby Wilks."

"An' old Pumpkin Smith?"

"Old Pumpkin! Why, ah! Most near fergot *'im*!"

"And Missy Cray's school?"

"Don't I! First school I ever had!"

And so on. . . .

Somebody whispered in my ear: "They're off! This is a great idea of yours. You'll never get 'em separated in future."

BUT I wondered. Because there was a look in the Oi's eyes that I'd never seen there before. A strange look. I didn't understand it then. I do now.

Because the next day they found the Oi dead in bed, and the doctor said it was heart.

I don't think it was heart. I think it was a little bit Watty Jones and a whole lot *me*.

Because when I brought Watty and his wonderful make-up and his wonderful lies on the scene, I did to the poor old Oi the very thing which I once hinted to him I'd never have done to me.

Without meaning to, I *retired* him; and at eighty-six the shock was too much. *I took his occupation away* and left him with nothing to do but fade out. I'd told him it was fatal, and I'm certain that in his case it was.

You see, after Watty appeared on the scene old Oi had nothing to live for. *He wasn't the Oldest Inhabitant any more.*

HUMAN MACHINE

ASK YOURSELF WHY

If you achieved a little happiness this Christmas it would interest you to think why.

Happiness is an elusive thing: you can't make it; you can't find it; you can't have it handed to you; you have to achieve it by doing the right things in the right way.

For once in your life, you were not thinking solely of yourself and of your own worries.

You were, for once, thinking of others. You might well have been trying to find happiness for yourself, but you were also busy trying to give happiness to others.

The other great thing is that this Christmas you did something different. Not much, maybe, but something.

You created change; you broke monotony. You behaved differently; therefore you became different.

What you can do once a year you can do oftener—if you really wish.

LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGE

IT'S mostly what's *said* to us that makes us do things. We'd never get hot and bothered about a new reform if somebody hadn't first *told* us about the new reform.

What men say can make us go to war, can make us *win* a war.

But such a lot depends on how it's said.

If I talk to Smith, I can usually make myself understood. Smith usually sees what I'm getting at and ends by agreeing with me.

But I've noticed that if I talk to Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson I usually only make myself half-understood.

Which shows me pretty plainly that if I were to try to talk to a hundred Smiths, a hundred Browns, a hundred Joneses and a hundred Robinsons all at once I should be a thorough flop.

★ ★ ★

The reason is (and I don't think anybody has ever troubled to find out why) that you don't talk in the same way to a thousand people as you do to one.

If you talk to a thousand people you find yourself using such expressions as "The future of our civilisation is at stake." Which sounds fine and looks well in print, but, in my opinion, doesn't *mean* much.

Now, if you are talking just to Smith alone, say, in the corner of the saloon bar, you say, "Tell you what, Smith, old boy, if things keep on keeping on we're going to cop it in the neck."

And Smith understands you at once.

"We are profoundly disturbed by the trend of events," says the man who shouts at a crowd.

"There's a bit of wind up at the way things are going," says the ordinary man to his neighbour.

"The dawn of final victory tints the sky on the far horizon," says one.

"Reckon we'll kick old Jerry in the pants by next Christmas," says the other.

Now, what gives me real hope is this: that our enemies are all shouters. Adolf and Ben never politically sit down for a chat. They always stand up for a yell.

And I am certain that people *don't really listen* for any length of time to the sort of language you've *got* to use when you address a mighty gathering.

★ ★ ★

It isn't the language of the mighty gathering when the mighty gathering is split up into its component Smiths. And so it misses fire.

On our side President Roosevelt specialises in Fireside Chats. Over the radio Churchill seems to talk to *me alone*.

They speak my language. And it *sounds* right.

But in the enemy camp Adolf and Benito never have a fireside chat with Fritz or Enrico. They never talk to the Continental Smith as man to man.

They get up on a tub and shout.

They tell the world.

And, after a bit, the world gets *so* weary.

A. G.

HEARTENING SIGNS

HOW heartening are the signs that shine about us now, how clear the landscape looks, seen from Time's broadened brow. How great the chances are that await our busy hands, and how much nearer Freedom draws to the sorely oppressed lands.

HOW splendid is the view which the Toilers now can see, how uplifting are their tasks to usher in Victory. How rich the hours that run like beads upon Time's thread, how bright the Beams of Reward upon our efforts shed.

HOW high the great Ideals for which we upward reach, how silver are the tides that surge upon Hope's Beach. How near the Trumpets sound across Faith's open Fields, thus doth Deliverance advance which to no Evil yields.

HOW healing are the signs, how challenging their power, then let us all, with all our hearts, work for Victory's Hour. Nor pause while the silver stars the plains of Night's brocade, until the Dawn ascends when the Drums of Peace be played.

J. M.

YOU'LL BE AMAZED

SCRAP paper is needed more than ever, and no contribution, however small, should be missed.

If everyone will comb out their own collections of papers the aggregate haul will be well worth while.

Remember this when you are turning out drawers and cupboards. Old tickets, price tabs, receipt vouchers, old bills, cheque counterfoils, labels, wrappings—anything and everything should be put into the salvage sacks.

And make a habit of turning out waste paper regularly. You'll be amazed how quickly the various oddments accumulate. Lying idle they are helping Hitler. As salvage they can be converted into weapons which will speed Victory.

★ *WAR TIME Brighton—with air-raid sirens wailing out their rising and falling note. People in the streets taking very little notice, for day hit-and-run raids are frequent along the coast. But what happened after this particular raid was very unusual*

He Operated Ove a Live Shell!

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—No. 5

★

BY FRANK STUART

THE sudden shudder of distant explosions, followed by the noise of aircraft engines approaching. The rat-tat-tat of machine-guns and cannon shells, the deafening thunder as Focke-Wulf fighters race over the roof-tops and out to sea.

And, lying in the street, a man whose blood stains the road surface.

Wardens in tin hats stoop over him, applying first-aid to a big gash in his thigh, treating for shock. The clang of an ambulance, and its whine as it goes swiftly off with the casualty to the Royal Sussex County Hospital.

Brief Inquiries

A white-coated doctor makes a quick examination.

"Injured thigh," he says, probing. "Wound of entry. Sharp-pointed object within. . . ."

Brief inquiries confirm that the raiders dropped no bombs in the vicinity of that particular casualty. So the object in the wounded man's thigh could not be a bomb splinter, or any fragment of masonry or glass.

"Possibly part of a fractured femur," murmurs the doctor, seeking, seeking, with instruments poised in sensitive white hands. "No—I doubt that. Better have him X-rayed."

Attendants carry off the patient. The doctor turns tirelessly to another.

Presently the X-ray photographs are under examination. The doctors stare at them with interest.

Immediate Operation

"Cannon shell, isn't it?" says an assistant surgeon.

"Quite right, my boy," his senior answers. "Unexploded. Blunt end lying deeply, apex tapering to a fine point. We'll have to get to work on that at once. Is the theatre available? Oh, good. . . ."

"Better get the Bomb Disposal people to send someone along and give us any hints they can?" the assistant asks.

The other doctor nods briefly.

While he was dressing the wound and splinting the limb, the bomb disposal unit officer arrived, and was shown the X-ray photographs.

"We'll get this right for you in no time—just a minor operation on this leg, but you'll be all right for a meal later to-day," the doctor remarked as his deft hands worked within inches of that unexploded shell. "There! I've got to go and see someone for a minute. The nurse will finish this for you."

He went out and met the Bomb Disposal Officer.

"I looked at your X-ray pictures," the officer said. "It's an air-cannon shell, armour-piercing type. Usually they explode on impact, but it's always possible for them to have a delayed-action fuse, of course."

"Any hints about handling it?"

"Well . . . they are very liable to explode if touched. It's your province, Doc., but . . . it might be wise for the people at the operation to cover up their eyes or faces if they can?"

The doctor smiled. He knew they couldn't.

Orderlies lifted the man with the shell in his leg, and wheeled him carefully to the operating theatre. They knew that the shell might explode at any moment.

Surgeons gathered round, quiet, tense. Nurses counted swabs, prepared dressings. Everything was ready. There was no fuss or hesitation. The patient was lifted on to the table.

The anæsthetist got to work. Masked and gloved figures moved with quiet orderliness. The surgeon made the incision. . . .

Everyone there knew the great risk that the shell might explode if touched or moved. Everyone there was in momentary risk of injury, death, perhaps. Particularly those who bent over the prostrate figure risked blinding, facial disfigurement for life.

The minutes passed. There was no sound save the rustle of starched uniforms, the quick movement of limbs and hands, the subdued whisper of masked people breathing.

Steady and Strong

The surgeon reached for a pecul[iar] shaped pair of forceps. They were handed to him by a young nurse who had anticipated his need.

He bent over the patient. His hands moved dextrously, sensitively, quite steady and strong as steel. The for[ceps]

HUMANIST ASKED ABOUT FALLING IN LOVE

★ Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

POPULAR novelists take it for granted that falling in love, followed by marriage, is the ideal climax of a story; but in countries where the match-making is arranged by parents the marriages are often quite a success.

For one thing, love is liable to fade, and there is a feeling of disillusion, and even hatred, which makes the marriage vows seem a mockery.

A man and woman must respect, admire and like one another if they are to live together for a lifetime.

"I should like to know your opinion about a problem which is worrying me," *writes a man of thirty.*

"When I was nineteen I fell desperately in love with a girl for whom I had not a particle of real respect. She was terribly ignorant about most things.

"She had not the faintest idea whether the moon was as big as the sun; she had no knowledge of history, geography, science, politics; she read nothing but novelettes.

"But she had big eyes and lovely lashes, and I was thrilled by a look or a smile. I could hardly eat or sleep for thinking about her. Perhaps it was fortunate that she preferred somebody else!

"Recently I have made friends with a woman of twenty-seven who shares many of my tastes and ideals. She is healthy, good to look at, unselfish, tolerant-minded.

"I think she would make an excellent companion in every way, but I get none of the 'thrills' that accompanied my first love.

"I want to know whether I should be justified in proposing marriage to her? Also, if I do, whether I ought to tell her the truth—that I like her and admire her enormously, but that I don't feel any of those trembling ecstasies that lovers are supposed to feel at the sight of the adored one.

"I don't think I ever shall feel like that again. But I don't want to live and die in solitary bachelorhood.

"What shall I do, Humanist?"

It is natural for a normal man to have a mate, and this young woman of twenty-seven would probably make him happy, provided she feels the same way about him.

There is no hint in the letter about this side of the question. She may regard him as merely one of many friends. She may be thrillingly in love with him.

The whole problem is one for thrashing out between them. I suggest the man should ask her to think it over for a month before answering "Yes" or "Nay." But I see no reason why such a marriage should not be a lasting success.

Marriage with that first girl would probably have been a disaster for both parties.

"When I was nineteen I fell desperately in love"

"MY husband works long hours," *writes a young wife,* "and my own time is fully occupied, too. But I do find that I crave for some intelligent companionship occasionally.

"I have no time for classes where I might meet congenial 'souls.' All the women I meet are only interested in dress, make-up, and local gossip.

"How can I meet women of similar interests in a small provincial town? Or is this impossible?

"Do you think, as I am beginning to do, that there is no way out?"

It is unfortunate that she has no time for classes where she would meet women who share her tastes. If she went only occasionally she would make friends who could visit her for a chat now and then. The vicar or the minister of religion might be able to introduce her to several.

But failing these, she will have to fall back on the companionship of books and broadcast talks. These are not satisfactory because there is no interchange of ideas—it is all "take" and no "give."

There must be intelligent women in the town if she can only find them.

ANOTHER reader who used to work in a hairdressing parlour told me that young women talk most eloquently about "boys" and beauty treatment; middle-aged women about the lack of domestic servants and scandal; and old women about their operations and the peerage.

It all sounds very boring. I can't believe that this is a fair description of the interests of the whole sex.

A man who is passionately fond of reading writes to me about a similar problem.

"The ability to sing, to dance or to play a musical instrument is a great social asset," *he writes,* "but the ability to appreciate literature has no social value whatever.

"Indeed, I think it would be better if I could cast out this desire for culture altogether; but it is too deep-rooted. I can't give it up.

"The result is that I am forced, snail-like, to recede into my shell. God forbid that I should think myself better than my fellows.

"I am a carpenter by trade, with just enough brains to get along; but culture and brains are two totally different things. It might be a good question to put to the Brains Trust."

The letter is too long to quote in full, but as a lover of books I can sympathise. Reading does tend to make one lonely. I can only suggest joining a reading circle, a debating class, or a literary club in the hope of finding kindred spirits.

But here are three people who are all craving for some intelligent companionship. There must be scores of other readers who have the same problem. Can any of them suggest a better solution?

...y all knew they were nudging death

...took the shell casing, gripped it. ...out hurry, with the most smooth ...perfect touch, the surgeon turned ...shell a little, eased it . . . drew it

...was handed to a nurse, who took it ...lmly as if it had been a piece of ...less bone, instead of a missile built ...erce through armour plating, or to ... a steel-ribbed aeroplane asunder. ...e forceps were taken. The surgeon ...n the swift, heavenly work of clos... ...hat gaping wound, removing swabs, ...ling torn flesh.

Final Touches

...ietly, the nurses counted the things ...anded back, to make sure no error ...been made. ...e operating theatre door opened ...ly. The face of the assistant sur... who had helped at the preliminary ...ination looked grinning into the

...What the dickens do you want?" he ... asked, while the surgeon went ...y on with those final healing ...es above the unconscious figure on ...able. ...nly to know what my prospects are ...omotion to the senior staff," he said. ...ought, if that shell exploded. . . ." ...masked nurse made a face at him, ...he went out, hugely enjoying the

...e stern face of the senior surgeon ...ed into a shadow of a smile as he ..."Thank you! That's all, I think." ... looked round at those who had ... with him under the shadow of the ...s of the Angel of Death. ...Thank you!" he said again. ...ey knew what he meant. ...fely, and successfully, he had per... ...ed the most delicate and dangerous ...ation of his fine career. But his ... only the hands that worked; the ... that directed. ...thout the fearlessness and exacti... ... of the anæsthetist, the nurses, the ...on who had assisted him, the story ...t have had another ending.

"You Were Fine"

...e patient was carried back to his ...within half an hour of leaving the ... Presently, he came to, opened his ... A nurse looked down at him. ...All finished. You were fine," she ... smiling that smile which no one ... has emerged from an anæsthetic ... an operation ever forgets. ... few minutes later the surgeon ...ed in. ...Ready for that meal I promised ..." he asked whimsically. ...Oh, yes, thanks," the patient said. ...hat was the matter with my leg?" ...Oh, that? You had a live cannon... ... in it. It's out now. You'll be ...t again in no time." ...he man in the bed lay there think... ... it out for a minute. Then he ...hed out a hand. ...Thank you, sir!" he said as the ...eon gripped it.

...xt week: This Flight was Impos...

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

FAR away in Iceland our men seem to be settled comfortably. Sgt. R. Lawrence, R.A.F., writing home to his parents at Heatcote Road, Whitmash, Leamington Spa, says:

Wherever you go in this land there's always cakes and coffee for the visitor. The cakes are made to a well-proved standard recipe all over the country, and they're good.

This hospitality must have originated in the old days when travellers came in cold and hungry after a dangerous journey. They were never refused, and so it is to-day.

Always there is food, drink, warmth and good cheer for the visitor, known or unknown.

THEY HAVE MUSIC

And in a German prison camp, Sgt. F. J. S. Loveday fills in his spare time with music. He writes to a friend at Glenfield Road, West Ealing, London, W.13:

I have been moved to a larger camp, which is blessed with a band of twenty-five performers. Our instruments would not pass muster at Kneller Hall, but they make a noise.

I have taken over conducting, just to keep my hand in for when I get home. Then I am also an active member of our dance band. All of which gives us an interest in life.

We have practice of some sort almost every night of the week, and on Sundays provide the boys with a concert. They seem to like it.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

TWENTY-FOUR forms have to be filled in to complete the sale of one re-treaded tyre. Granted the need for rubber economy, but how about paper and time?—Mrs. C. King, Farnborough, Hants.

★ ★ ★

Healthy men are still employed as doormen at Government offices. These men should be put on more essential work.—"D. G.," Penmaenmawr, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

We concentrate our energies on war charities and savings groups. What about the treats we used to give the old folks! Have we forgotten them?—J. M. Crichton, Dundee.

★ ★ ★

Good time-keeping is essential, yet working people cannot get an alarm clock under £2—and these were priced at 3s. 11d. pre-war.—Mrs. Baxter, Preston Road, Hull.

★ ★ ★

Workers are forced to lose a day's work very often when seeing Income Tax people about assessments. Such offices should be open one evening a week after working hours.—"O. H. M. S.," Prescot, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

At a London pawnbroker's such medals as the D.F.C. at 49s. 6d., the M.C. at 50s., and the A.F.C. at 47s. 6d., among others, are on sale. It should be illegal to offer such medals for sale, as it provides an opportunity for impostors to buy and wear these decorations.—A. Cruse, Alveston Road, Sherborne.

★ ★ ★

Our factory "heads" decided on a special Salvage Drive. Sacks were provided and men were paid double-time on Sundays to collect waste. It was a great "show." Then orders were given yesterday to set fire to the dump where the salvage had been piled.—"Ex-Service," Essex.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published.—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'Mind my bike!' R.A.F. troops in North Africa

AND BOXING

In another prison camp in Germany, sixteen-year-old Raymond Jones, of the Merchant Navy, starts on his way to boxing fame. He writes to a relative at South Church Road, Bakewell, Derbyshire:

It is Sunday and I'm writing this to tell you that all is well.

No sleep this afternoon because I am boxing a chappie at four o'clock. I have been boxing now for nine months, on and off, of course.

Next week it's sports Sunday, and I hope to win something to bring home with me. I am lucky in having for a trainer Dan Chuter, who was in charge of the Woolwich Polytechnic Boxing Club.

Mark you, I'm not a Jack Dempsey; at least, not yet; but I hope to win something more than a black eye next Sunday.

IT'S A SMALL WAR!

Serving in India, Cpl. F. Warren meets an old friend who lived in the next street back home. He writes to his family at East Prawle, Kingsbridge, South Devon:

We have had plenty of rain, but we are enjoying the coolness after the intense heat. You know Bill ——— who lived in the next street? Well, I was in the canteen when he walked in as large as life and ordered a pint.

Then we recognised each other, ordered another pint and chatted of home and the people we knew. Small war, isn't it?

FUNNY SIGHTS

Word snapshots from the Gold Coast of Africa, sent by Pte. G. E. Galloway, R.A.M.C., to a friend at Allerton Road, Bradford:

Walking through the mud villages we certainly see some sights.

The men lounge about in their "counterpanes" and trilbies, ladies' straw hats, toppers, berets, or yachting caps. How they would scramble for a few of the Prime Minister's cast-offs!

The women in these parts seem to do most of the work, and you can see them trudging along to the nearest market to sell bananas, yams, sugar cane, coconuts, and fish. They carry a whole load of stuff on their heads in large platters and bowls.

Often the baby is slung on mother's back, while the older children, just as mischievous as ours, travel on behind—getting into any trouble that offers.

During our trip we passed through many of these villages and the locals turned out in force to see us.

Sometimes we were welcomed with native music, which to my mind is not so very musical, but we smile as if we liked it.

THE OTHER LONDON

A./C. H. Marshall, with the R.A.F. in Canada, tells his wife in London about a trip to the other London out there:

Dashed across to billets and put on my "blues"—khaki was soaked when we did parachute drill. Packed my kit, got pass and visa, for the four of us were off on leave, and going to have a peep at the U.S.A.

We caught the five o'clock bus for London, and after two hours of standing and swaying we arrived, tired, hungry, and with aching feet.

It wasn't our London, not by a long chalk, but the locals made us welcome. We ate a large dinner; tomato-juice cocktail, chicken salad (and lots of it), tea, strawberry ices and what would you, all for 2s. 6d.—a bit different to your London, I think!

Then we started our hitch-hike to the States, and it was an exciting week-end, crammed with entertainment and hospitality.

We arrived back at camp in Canada, tired but happy. Jim had lost his camera, Frank his pack; but otherwise we were in good order.

SHEER DEVILMENT

Minor earthquakes and tarantula spiders add a spice of variety to life with the R.A.F. out East. Cpl. F. H. J. Gould, R.A.F., writes to his father at Brewin Road, Tiverton, Devon:

On Sunday morning I was lying in bed when it began to rock and shake as if someone underneath was playing tricks. Jokingly I said: "Huh—earthquake!" and went off to sleep again.

About two hours later I was standing on the concrete floor when it suddenly began to lift like the deck of a ship in a heavy sea, and the walls swayed like trees in a gale.

It's a bit disturbing until you get used to the idea. To see the walls of a tall block of flats begin to quiver as if in fear of some unseen force is a trifle disconcerting to the onlooker.

Apart from the earthquake, we had a little more excitement yesterday when we killed a tarantula spider in the office.

These brutes bite out of sheer devilment, and don't wait to be attacked before they start on you.

It is said that their bite causes death in a few minutes, with intense pain for the victim. This particular tarantula died before he could get a bite at any of us, so all is well.

ROB JOINS UP

And a story of a dog who joined up with a section of the R.A.F. training at a camp in the North. A.C. 2/C. E. Carter writes to his wife at Briar Road, Watford, Herts:

Our particular pal is "Rob," a brown and white stray dog who decided some time ago to join up with us and has since followed us wherever we go.

In high spirits he set out with us yesterday on a route march, but when the squads split up at a road junction "Rob" hopped about undecided and looked very worried.

At last he made his decision and came chasing after our mob, nearly wagging his tail off.

He calls in at the cook-house at regular intervals and doesn't miss anything from physical jerks to bayonet drill

A week ago we were going through the gas chamber for a test. "Rob" was so eager to take part that he sneaked in without a gas-mask, but he soon came out with tears in his eyes.

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

BE CHAIN WISE

COASTER HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

Immunisation QUIZ

Q. Question
A. Answer

Q. WHAT IS IMMUNISATION?

A. Two, or at the most, three injections of a special substance which strengthens the body's natural defences against diphtheria. If all children are immunised, diphtheria will soon be almost completely stamped out.

Q. IS DIPHTHERIA DANGEROUS?

A. Very, especially to young children. It is a long and painful illness, and even when not fatal, causes dangerous complications which may remain for life.

Q. HOW IS IT CAUGHT?

A. By germs entering the nose and throat from the breath of others. It has nothing to do with drains or dirt.

Q. DOES IMMUNISATION PROTECT?

A. Yes. A child who has had the full course of injections rarely catches diphtheria, and the risk of death is almost nil. Immunisation leaves no scar, and no "red ribbon" is needed.

Q. WHEN SHOULD IT BE DONE?

A. The younger the better; immediately after the first birthday is best, but all children from 1 to 15 should be Immunised NOW.

Q. WHAT DOES IT COST?

A. Immunisation is free. Inquire at the Council's Offices or Welfare Centre. Your doctor will advise you.

Diphtheria is DEADLY

IMMUNISATION IS SAFE & SIMPLE

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

D.12

LAST LAUGH

BELLA (Mitcham).—"Is there a herb that will cure a girl like me of depression?" Try a nice strong Herbert, not too matured, preferably effervescent.

BOB (Newark).—"I have no secrets from my wife." Meaning, of course, you have no wife.

SUSIE (Bromley).—"I am going to make my washday Tuesday." What day was it last year?

J. McE. (Dundee).—"When the landlady told me I would have to pay my bill or leave, do you know what I did?" Thanked her for giving you the option, and promptly left.

G. G. (Clydebank). — "While salmon fishing I dislocated my shoulder." Were you attempting to describe the size of the one that got away?

W. B. (Glasgow).—"The hypnotist said that by making a few passes he could make me forget I was married." Some married men would like to know name and address of hypnotist.

ARTIST (Greenock).—"There is not enough colour in our everyday life." You should see the ties we got at Christmas.

P. G. (Peebles).—"I am good-natured, but my wife is subject to brain-storms." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Peebles).—"I love peace and quietness, but my husband always destroys this atmosphere with fits of ungovernable temper." See letter above

L. N. (Chepstow). — "He weighs 22 stone and hasn't been working for some time." When peace comes he should be able to hire himself out to sit on holiday suit-cases.

F. W. Y. (Totteridge).—"I met her once and she said I could call her by her Christian name." What's her idea, do you think? To call herself by your surname?

A. R. (Weeley). — "He recently married a widow with a young family." How many little income-tax rebates?

H. B. (Rochester).—"Films have an extraordinary effect on some people." That is so. We heard of a man who, on returning from the cinema, met his mother-in-law and greeted her with "Hello, Gorgeous!"

PETER (Oxford).—"I am not pretending that my wife is the light of my life . . ." Do you mean she goes out too often?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"How bad are yer hurt mate?" "Don't know, till I sees what the Beveridge Report sez about it."

Side-Slips

CHRONICLE AND ECHO, NORTHAMPTON:—"H——— went to telephone his colonel, whose CARE he had been driving."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Fireguards at business premises must not expect . . . sheets, . . . pillow-cases . . . OF towels.

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"There was also a wedding present from the local Red Cross and St. John Central Supply Service, of which the bride is a member and her mother is the PRESENT."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"We shall conquer Egypt when we WASH to."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"The resistance of North Africa is by no MEANS affected."

£20 FOR YOUR OPINION!

Enjoy eight jokes—and win £20 for placing the best four of them in order of humour, aptness and originality. Your eight jokes are the eight amusing *Bullets* below, against which you see the Key Letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, & H.

A What The Farmer Said "Blackberrying With A Ferret?"

B Listening To The Band Father—Through Opera Glasses.

C In Our Avenue 'White Houses'—Few 'Washingtons.'

D Playing Second Fiddle Henpeck—Looks Like Concertina.

E Foggy So Team Played Twelve.

F He Married Her And Stopped Golf—Still Swears.

G Economy For All "Yolk or White, Dear?"

H An Ex-Convict Bridegroom — Absently Entered Pulpit.

On a piece of plain paper—the inside of an old envelope will do—write down FOUR KEY LETTERS in order you decide—and add your name and full address. You may make as many entries on the sheet as you wish—enclose stamps or P.O. as entry-fee at the rate of 2d. per attempt.

Winner will be entrant whose placing coincides most closely with expert adjudicators' placing—ties divide. Runners-up Awards value £10 similarly awarded. This Contest also appears in "Bullets" Bulletin dated January 16.

Your entry-fee includes 1d. for copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated February 6, in which result will appear. You may enclose entry for this "Laugh-Lines" Contest with your *Bullets* No. 1,359 or Crossword No. 311 entry this week. Or you may post it alone to "Laugh-Lines," "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2—closing postmark, Monday, January 25.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Through active service in the last war John Dexter contracted tuberculosis and has never been able to work regularly.

His family has a very sad record, for a son aged nineteen and a daughter sixteen have both died from this dreadful disease. Two years ago his son of eighteen was called up for Army Service. He died after an operation. Mr. Dexter's eldest son was passed A1, but has since been discharged from the Forces suffering from T.B. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter now have only their little son of six in normal health.

The income of this stricken family is £2 9s. 6d., out of which rent, insurance and furniture instalments have to be paid. Furniture payments are in arrears, and unless help is forthcoming these unhappy people will lose their home.

We know we can rely on our generous readers to send donations to enable this little family to clear their debt, and enable Mrs. Dexter to purchase food and medicines ordered by their doctor. Donations earmarked "Dexter," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses of the Fund are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

Good health —good work

She's right when she says everything must be right. She's one of millions doing the work of men and her amazing success is due as much to her splendid health as to her wonderful good sense. May we remind you, too, of the Golden Rule of Health? . . .

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere.

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also in PENNYWORTHS

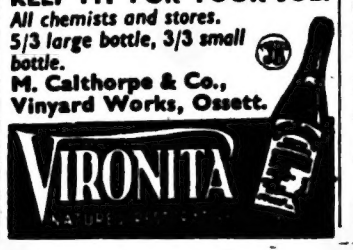
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

THE MAXIMUM WAR EFFORT IS DEMANDED

Vironita is playing its full part in ensuring the maximum war effort so urgently needed today. It is our duty not merely to keep well, but to have plenty of strength in reserve to meet the extraordinary demands put upon our health by long hours on munitions or civilian defence. Three half wine-glasses each day will give you new energy to enable you to do better work, escape undue tiredness, and at the end of an arduous day get sound, re-vitalising sleep.

VIRONITA HELPS YOU TO KEEP FIT FOR YOUR JOB.

All chemists and stores.
5/3 large bottle, 3/3 small bottle.
M. Calthorpe & Co., Vinyard Works, Ossett.



Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax

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Make your own Cough Mixture

for CHILDREN and ADULTS

No other remedy gives you quicker relief in case of Coughs and Colds than this simple recipe which can be made at home very easily. It contains ten separate medicinal ingredients, but you can get them all concentrated together in exactly the right proportions by asking your chemist for a 1 oz. bottle of Mixture (double strength). You pour the Mixture into half a pint of hot—not boiling—water, and you have the best cough and cold remedy you ever tried. If you have a little sugar or any sweetening syrup to spare, you can add this while it is warm. Dosage is one tablespoonful for adults, one dessertspoonful for children 8-12 years, one teaspoonful for children 4-7 years, to be taken four times daily.

From the first dose you feel relief, the cough is checked and it clears the stuffed-up passages of the nose, throat, and chest like magic. It is particularly good for children because they love its pleasant taste.

Cuthbert's FRUIT TREES

Why not provide your own supply of this health-giving food by planting these fine full-fruiting size trees.

APPLES. Bush, Cox's Orange, 3-year-old trees, fine stock, 6/- each; Cordons, 7/6 each; Cordon, Jupes Delicieux, 7/6; Bramleys Seedling half standards 5/6 each; full standards, 12/6 each; Lord Derby 12/6 each.

PEARS. Famous variety, Fertility, 7/6 each.

PLUMS. Burbank's Giant half standards, 10/6 each.

BLACK CURRANTS. 2-year-old bushes, 1/9 each, 18/- doz.

RED CURRANTS. 1/9 each; 18/- doz.

RASPBERRY CANES. Best sorts, Lloyd George and Norfolk Giant, 5/- doz.; 35/- 100.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Royal Sovereign, prolific cropper, 22/6 50; 40/- 100.

Carriage orders under 10/- add 1/- carr., 10/- to 25/- add 2/- carr. paid.

Send for full details of all your Fruit Tree requirements.

J. & C. CUTHBERT 42, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.

Growers of Fruit Trees since 1797.

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times: if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals: you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE AND VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . . 1/5, 3/4½ (Including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST —It's LIFE ITSELF!

Famel conquers coughs

Thanks to everybody's co-operation, the supply position is not too bad this season . . . Regular users who "can't get on without it" should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL BRAND SYRUP

Optrex Ltd., Festvale, Middlesex.

GOOD NEWS

for sufferers from
ECZEMA
SPOTS
PIMPLES
IMPETIGO
BOILS
BARBER'S RASH

Latest discovery. White, non-greasy antiseptic balm. Proved by bacteriological tests ten times as effective in killing germs as carbolic ointment. Prescribed by leading Skin Specialists. Supersedes greasy, smelly ointments. Heals—makes skin clear and healthy in few days. At Boots and good chemists 2/- a jar (including tax); or send postal order 2/- for full size jar: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept.56S), 25/27, Berners Street, London, W.1.

VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM

BETTER FALSE TEETH

Dentists are now recommending a new and improved method for holding dental plates (especially loose ones) firmly in place. This new denture-aid also ensures the utmost comfort and service. Any kind of food can be eaten without the slightest difficulty. The gums are cushioned against all irritating pressures. The edges of the plate are sealed so that no food can get underneath and cause discomfort. Ask your chemist for a tube of Dentesive, apply a little on your denture each morning *and for the rest of the day you can forget you have artificial teeth.* Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case. It is like having your own natural teeth back again. All chemists supply Dentesive at 7½d. and 1/3d.

STOMACH TROUBLE

QUICKLY RELIEVED BY MOORLANDS

"I never had anything wrong with my digestion until the Air raids came to London. During one bad 'blitz' my stomach was completely upset and I suffered terribly from chronic indigestion and heartburn. Two of your Moorland Tablets soon calmed my stomach and gave me instant relief."
(Signed) L.S., London.

Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 6½d. and 1/3d. including tax.

MORE CASH and CAKES AWAITING WINNERS!

PRIZES £125 headed by £100 CASH for XWORDS

Awards value £25 between Runners-up

50 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 308 Result Next Week Post this week's coupon to address at foot

TRY John Bull 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 311

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.						5p	5p	5p
1 IT'S AWKWARD FOR BOXER WHEN OPPONENT KNEEPOSTEDLY		F		I	N	T S			
2 IT ISN'T CUSTOM O/D NAVAL CAPTAIN TO STAND ENOUGH ON	P	O		P					
3 PREACHER'S BOY LIKELY TO BE POPULAR WHO PAYS NO ATTENTION TO				L	O	C K			
4 IT CONTAINS WATER		M		A	T				
5 MAY WELL SUGGEST A SENSE OF HUMOUR				I	R	T H			
6 IT'S EASY TO SLIP UP OVER THIS	P	E		L					
7 SHOULD NOT BE QUICKLY SPENT				I	V	E R			
8 YOU MAY HAVE TO ALLOW FOR MARGIN WHEN BETTING	P	A		E					
9 TAKES COMPARATIVELY SLOW PROGRESS				O	A	D			
10 OBVIOUSLY ENTAILS CONSIDERABLE REPETITION		R		T	E				
11 PUBLIC LEARNS TO DISTRUST STATESMEN WHO	G	A		B	L	E S			
12 THOSE HELP LANDSCAPE GARDENER		R		S	E	S			
13 MEN WHO DO THIS FIND IT WISE TO SET TRAPS				O	A	C H			
14 HIGH TEMPERATURE OF THIS MAY MAKE MEDICAL OFFICER APPREHENSIVE	M	O		T	H				

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Feb. 6

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JAN. 25.

Signed .....

Address ..... 311.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £200 for BULLETS—WIN YOURS TODAY!

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £200 25 FINE 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 5.

RUSSIAN STEAM-ROLLER
BLAZE OF GLORY
WIZARD WINSTON
MARCHING ON
SLOWLY BUT SURELY
LULL IN THE BATTLE
STILL ASLEEP
GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND
WORK, WORK, WORK AND
STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE
NOW SHE'S IN KHAKI

BULLETS 1,356 RESULT NEXT WEEK

MAKES US LAUGH
THE STARS
IT'S A SCANDAL, BUT
CAN'T BE HELPED
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING
OUT OF IT
NEVER DONE
RUNNING INTO TROUBLE
AT THE GARRISON PANTO-MIME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SURE TO BE.....
GAME OF.....
UNNECESSARY .....
GIVEN A
OUR OLD.....
WHY DAD .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated February 6.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark: Monday, Jan. 25.
1,359

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

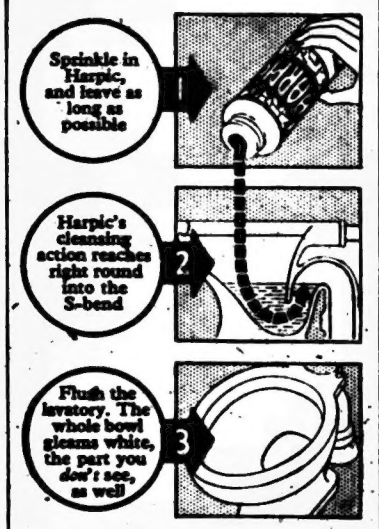
ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,359 or Xword No. 311, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

HARPIC
cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

THANKS A LOT
For Yeast-Vite Tablets

Swansea,
November 11th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

Five years ago I had a nervous breakdown which left me with Neurasthenia and I was very, very nervous.

One day I happened to look in the paper and saw Yeast-Vite tablets advertised. Immediately I went to buy some and have taken them for 18 months. A few weeks ago I went to Birmingham to see my mother, who said she had not seen me looking so well for years. I feel better myself, and my nerves are a lot steadier again. I can do my housework and washing without being tagged out.

Thanks a lot for Yeast-Vite tablets; I would not be without them for the world now. I will certainly recommend them to all my friends. (Sgd.) Mrs. D. M.

Berks,
November 2nd, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I am an ex-Service man and for some time I had fainting feelings come on, so I began taking your Yeast-Vite tablets, and I must say they did the trick. I always carry some in my pocket in case I should require them. (Sgd.) W. B.

Bedford.
November 5th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago you kindly sent me a bottle of Yeast-Vite tablets for use in my surgery.

I have used these at intervals and have found them most useful for their steadying effect, and have been astonished at the rapidity with which they act.

(Signed) ——, Dentist.

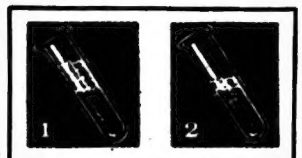
If you suffer from Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE *tonic tablets are sold everywhere, use them.* TWO SIZES ONLY, *price* 1/4 *and* 3/3 *per bottle, including Purchase Tax.* Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

As good as a double ration of SOAP FLAKES or POWDER

Twice as much washing when you add

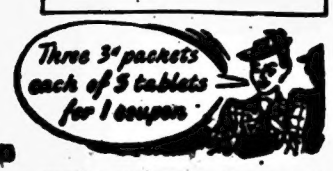
MAZO
SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS

Think what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.



Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

add MAZO
to get extra cleansing energy from soap



MZ 86-9 SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

THE TILES CONCERT

"Fancy expecting me to sing at the Larder Guard concert. I couldn't raise a purr for a mouse on toast!"

"Dog's ears! What do I see? They realised I needed TIBS! I'll soon be okay now!"

"They say I was a howling success. Naturally, I'm fit to raise the roof, now."

TIBS 'TIBS' are tastelem in the cats' food. From all chemists and corn merchants. Tri. for 9, or 1/1½ for 22.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd. Southport

7686-20

Why Not Be Slim & Vital Through The Year

SLENDERNESS is fashionable—it is the sign of healthiness, too. Taken regularly at bedtime, Bile Beans keep a woman sparkling, attractive, alert—because they promote perfect "inner health" and gently eliminate every hindrance to slenderness.

Bile Beans gently cleanse the system of impurities. They tone you up and improve your health, figure and appearance.

So, all through the year, keep slim, vital and youthful by taking

BILE BEANS

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT -Clean!

Dear Sirs,
I suffered from creeping eczema, and after using all sorts of treatments I resolved to try Germolene. I had not been able to sleep at night for the irritation. After a week's treatment with GERMOLENE all traces of the trouble left me, leaving my skin quite clean. You can publish this letter so as to benefit other people. M. E., Darlington.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Inflammation, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

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